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UST

SPECIALS

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Technical Education.

The University's Place in National Life.

SHORT STORIES

The Haunting of Mr. Vanner

The Goodness of Woman.

Silver Miss.

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BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XX.

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Issued Monthly by The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited; John Bayne MacLean, President; Publication Office, 145-149 University Avenue, Toronto. Montreal Office: Eastern Townships Bank Building.

Entered as second-class matter, March 24, 1905, as the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Shall Canada Go Money-Mad?

By
Sir Edmund Walker

(From the Toronto Globe)

WE are becoming accustomed to the idea that we possess the area of cultivable soil and the other natural resources necessary to support one of the largest of the nations in the western half of the world. We are receiving new population at a rate quite as large as we can care for, having regard to those already in Canada.

We are told that we are to feed nations whose food supply will become exhausted, and we are to supply, if we will, raw material in order that the wheels in other countries may not be idle. We have also the water-power, the raw material and the quality of labor which will make us one of the greatest of the manufacturing countries in the western world. We have a climate fit to produce a great race physically. We are rapidly conquering the difficulties of transportation on our own land and water, and we are linking ourselves with the rest of the world across the various oceans. We have a sound system of law, a system of education doubtless inadequate to our needs, but improving, an excellent banking system, and our national credit is so great as to be a possible source of danger. If we can but conserve our resources we are, therefore, assured of material prosperity. Indeed, it seems so sure that we shall be one of the richest of the newer nations that we are fast becoming a vain and self-satisfied people.

But while these brilliant prospects are well founded, is it all right with us as a nation? I am sure that

all is not right. We have seen a democracy which began with almost the noblest principles ever declared in a national manifesto, and which certainly was far from believing that money was a measure of national greatness, become by too much devotion to money-making a vast nation of discontented people ruled by a few plutocrats.

Is this to be our future? Is not our measure of success to-day largely one of money? What is the use of denying that we are at present too much in love with material prosperity? But we are not so grossly in love with it as our friends to the south. We can still recall the time when a large part of our people had other ambitions. We still recognize that no nation built on material prosperity alone can endure.

When we find a man who has devoted his life only to making money, and who has not created anything worth while in doing so, who cannot read books, enjoy beautiful things or indulge in sport, we know that he has thrown his precious life away. What, then, must be the fate of a nation which does not give due place to the intellectual and the artistic in life?

The writer has been nearly fifty years in a business in which money is the chief concern. He has spent much of his life in the study of our industries and in the acute study of the balance sheets of industrial concerns. He certainly does not undervalue industrial effort or the money arising from it. It was Kate Greenaway in one of her poems for children who said the wise thing about money: "It's bad to have money; it's worse to have none"—bad to have too much and worse to have too little.

One of the greatest aids in our nation-building will be our industrial prosperity; but let us remember that this prosperity should be like three meals a day to a workman. It should merely give up the basis on which to do the real work of the nation. And the real work is to build up the intellectual life of our people; to create teachers, jurists, legislators, philosophers, scientific investigators and artists; military leaders and soldiers for our national defence; great administrators of public trusts; and, generally, men who whether on the platform, in the counting house, or in the market-place, are not ashamed to urge the supreme importance of character.



THOMAS CANTLEY

Thomas Cantley's Climb Up the Ladder

The Success Story of a Maritime Captain of Industry

By R. A. Fraser

MATERIAL for an absorbing story of business life or for a clever play might be gleaned by any enterprising novelist or playwright from the recent faction fight in the directorate of one of the Mari-

time Provinces' big industries, the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co. The incidents of this struggle, as recorded in the daily press, were sufficiently exciting to attract the attention even of that section of the public whose inter-

est rarely passes the bounds between the sporting and financial pages. But now, we are informed, the conflict is over, peace has been declared, and the company remains in the control of its former champions.

Yet this battle of the capitalists has not been without its value to the Steel and Coal Company. People, who knew it only by name in the past, began to ask questions about it, and to take an interest in its operations. And what more natural than that an enquiry as to its management should be instituted?

In the Town of New Glasgow, the headquarters of the company, there resides a plain-living, hard-working gentleman, Thomas Cantley by name, who bears the lengthy title of second vice-president and general manager of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Company, Limited. For a quarter of a century Mr. Cantley has devoted all his time and attention to the one grand object—the up-building of a big, strong industry in his native province. He has not deviated to the right hand nor to the left, and, though great power and influence are his, he has never split up his energies, but has served his company with his whole heart and soul. It has all been to him "a very simple, common-place twenty-five years of everyday work."

And what of the preparation for this work? Of what college is Mr. Cantley a graduate?

Mr. Cantley will tell you himself with a twinkle in his eye that the three years' training he received in a general store was a splendid equivalent for a like period in academic halls. "These three years, I consider, were far better education than I could have derived from any college," says he, "as it gave me an all-round knowledge of the relative values of all descriptions of merchandise, particularly in hardware and metal goods, which were then imported almost exclusively from the Old Country."

But the general store was not the lowest rung in Mr. Cantley's ladder of success. "From general store clerk

to captain of industry" sounds very well, of course, but it is possible to make the climb a little longer and a little steeper. Mr. Cantley in reality started his business career as a telegraph messenger boy. From this humble beginning he advanced within a year to telegraph operator. A disastrous explosion at the Drummond Colliery, where he worked, terminated this stage of his career, and then came the three years of training in the general store. In 1878 he launched out in business for himself, in New Glasgow, having Senator McGregor as his silent partner. Seven years later, on the persuasion of Graham Fraser, he threw in his lot with the Nova Scotia Steel Co., becoming its traveling sales agent in Ontario and Quebec. The story of the next twenty-five years may be summarized as a steady climb upward to his present position.

Mr. Cantley has some pronounced views on education, and in such a number of *Bury Man's* as the present they are distinctly apropos.

"With regard to college education," says he, "I appreciate as only a man who has not had the privilege of a college education can, the advantages which it confers, providing it can be acquired by the young man without interlarding with the getting of the practical business, commercial and economic knowledge which can only be derived from active work along these lines in youth. But I am firmly convinced that in the case of men engaged in active business and industrial pursuits, the college must be brought to the man, and its work must be done during the evening and at off times. The necessity for this is to some extent at least recognized by the Government of Nova Scotia and their advisers in the matter of technical education, and with the happiest possible results.

"As illustrating that phase of the question of education, when I returned from my first trip to Germany, in the autumn of 1897, I was convinced that if we were to do a satisfactory

business in that country it was necessary that some knowledge of the German language should be acquired by me. My eldest boy was then attending High School in New Glasgow, and I made a proposition to him that we should both take up during that winter the study of German, holding out to him the inducement that if he made satisfactory progress in it I would give him a trip to that country the following summer. To this he agreed, and we both took up the subject, being fortunate in having near us a gentleman who was a most thorough German scholar and had spent many years in Germany. I devoted two hours a day, one in the morning and one in the evening, to text-book study, while two or three evenings of each week were spent in conversation with the German-speaking gentleman

referred to. One thing I readily learned was that the boy could master as much in one hour as I could in two. He was fifteen, I was forty; the younger mind was much more receptive. At the end of nine months we were both able to carry on conversation in German in very ordinary subjects, and while I do not profess to be by any means a fluent German speaker, my vocabulary being practically confined to the simplest business matters, I found on returning to Germany the following year, and during subsequent visits which have run into a score or more, that I have had no difficulty in making myself understood in that country. I only refer to this to show what can be done by anybody by earnest application entirely outside of college advantage or environment."

Charles Joseph Doherty, a New Political Luminary

By

P. St. C. Hamilton

THE very soul of good nature in all his political campaigns, a Conservative in politics with a liberality to be envied by opponents, a fairness and squareness on the bench that made his record one to be envied, "Charley" Doherty comes "back to earth." This is his own expression. The bench dignified him; the bench brought him fame as a jurist; few of his decisions were reversed, and even when they were, these were dissenting voices among those who reviewed the appeals. He desired to come back to the fighting line and he has done it.

Mr. Doherty was born in Montreal, May 11, 1855. He pursued his classical studies at St. Mary's College in his native city, and graduated therefrom in 1873. Whatever evil or good purpose lay eating its way at his heart as to a future career, he finally decided to follow that which his father had honored, and became what is generally known as a "lawyer." It was about that period that his father retired from the bar to accept a position on the bench of the Superior Court.

Charles Doherty graduated from McGill in 1876, with the degree of



CHARLES JOSEPH DOHERTY

B.C.L., and carried off the Elizabeth Torrance gold medal. It was not until 1893 that McGill fully realized what they had, and conferred upon him the degree of D.C.L. Two years later Ottawa University created him LL.D.

Mr. Doherty was called to the bar in 1877. He had the "gift o' the gab" of his race, and that capacity for absorbing useful knowledge and developing latent talents which are especially notable in Canadians of Irish extraction.

He rapidly came to the front as an able practitioner, and was engaged in some of the most important cases of his day, while yet but a youth in his profession. He proved ready in argument, thorough in his equipment, and cleverly resourceful.

In 1887 he was created Queen's

Counsel by Earl Derby. Then, upon the re-organization of the McGill law faculty, Mr. Doherty was asked to take the chair of Civil Law, and he also became the chairman of the McGill University Literary Society.

There was a time when the cause of Home Rule in Ireland was regarded as almost hopeless, and those associated with such a movement were looked upon as of doubtful loyalty. Mr. Doherty, of Irish-Canadian birth and approved loyalty, unhesitatingly accepted the presidency of the Irish National League. His lecture on the duty of Irishmen to the land of their birth and their adoption, was accepted as proof of the loyalty of Mr. Doherty and his associates to the British Crown, while demonstrating the necessity of Home Rule for Ireland. Yet his connection with the Irish National

League was made use of against him in the election of 1881, when he ran in the Conservative interests in St. Antoine division. He himself said of that attempt to arouse religious and racial feeling: "I, a young man of twenty-six years of age, coming forward under the auspices of a leader whose motto was 'A British subject I was born, a British subject will I die,' was represented as a menace to the British Empire."

In October, 1891, he was raised to the Bench of the Superior Court, to succeed his father, the late Hon. Mar-

cus Doherty, who retired after eighteen years in the judiciary.

After a period of earnest and conscientious work as a jurist, Mr. Doherty resigned from the Bench, as Sir John Thompson had done some years before, and again took his place among the readily-sought-for consultants at the Bar. It was only a question of time when a man of his experience and undoubted ability would be called again into active political life. At the last general election he was returned to the House of Commons for St. Anne division of Montreal.

Sir Frederick Benson's Secret of Success

By R. A. Brock.

"**W**HAT would you say were the new K.C.B.'s outstanding qualities? What is it that has enabled him to reach his present eminence in the military forces of the Empire?" were questions put to a close personal friend of Major-General Sir Frederick William Benson, the distinguished Canadian officer, who is shortly to visit his native land and perhaps take up his residence here permanently.

"I should say," was the answer, "that his advancement has been due principally to the fact that he is a first-class business man. The average officer is a poor manager; efficient administrators are rare, and when the combination of sound military training and business ability are found in an officer, his upward progress is assured."

Sir Frederick is a most devoted Canadian, notwithstanding his long and varied experiences abroad; and this is as it should be, for he is not a member of one of the most loyal of Canadian families? His father, a

member of the Canadian Senate; his brother, the officer in command of the Kingston and Ottawa military districts; a cousin, an honored judge; and other relatives, no less distinguished; all demonstrate the services rendered to Canada by the Benson family.

The future K.C.B. had leanings towards the military life, when but a youth. Leaving his birth-place, St. Catharines, he was sent to school at Upper Canada College, and, while attending this famous seat of learning, took part in the repelling of the Fenian Raids, though only seventeen years of age at the time. This taste of warfare decided him on his future course of action. A soldier he would be. And to get the best training possible, he was sent to England, where he entered the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. His course here was exemplary, and on graduation he was given a sword of honor.

On January 13, 1869, young Benson, then twenty years of age, was gazetted a cornet in the 21st Hussars,

then quartered at Lucknow, India. From this time until his recent retirement from the post of Chief of the Administration of the Southern Command at Salisbury, his course has been one long and steady advance, through many ranks and also through many strenuous conflicts. Up to 1890 his principal field of labor was India, where he held various important appointments.

In 1892 he was selected to command and re-organize the Egyptian Cavalry, a post for which, with his experience of the different branches of the cavalry arm, he was eminently fitted.

On the outbreak of the Boer War he proceeded to the front as a special service officer. He first served at the Cape for a few weeks as Assistant Adjutant General for Transport, and was then appointed Chief Staff Officer to the Sixth Division, commanded by Lieutenant-General Sir T. Kelly-Kenny.

He took part in the capture of Cronje's army at Paardeberg on Majuba Day, and the advance on Bloemfontein, doing good service at the actions of Poplar Grove and Driefontein. After the occupation of Bloemfontein, General Kelly-Kenny was given command of the Orange River Colony, and Colonel Benson served under him in the clearing and subjugating of this portion of the country, a task which was successfully accomplished at the end of some seven months' incessant activity. For his services in the war Colonel Benson was awarded the Queen's medal, with three clasps, and made a C.B.

He is now interested in the formation of a company to take up the purchasing and training of horses for the Remount Department of the War Office. Negotiations are now on foot for the purchase of from ten to twenty thousand acres in the district of Calgary for this purpose.



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR FREDERICK W. BENSON, K.C.B.

What's Wrong with the School System?

By

Arthur Conrad

THE other day a young man, showily garbed in the very pronounced style of dress affected by present-day youth, swaggered into a large city restaurant which I sometimes frequent, and, with all the arrogance of the nouveau riche, seated himself opposite me. Thrusting forth his legs, without taking any pains to avoid kicking my shins, and, what was a degree worse, without apologizing for the injury inflicted, he took a comprehensive view of the room, as if to behold the impression he had created, and then reached across the table for the bill of fare, which chanced to lie beside my plate. I forestalled his move and politely handed the card to him. Without vouchsafing a thank you, he literally snatched it from me and proceeded to look over its contents. By this time a waitress had come up and stood awaiting the youngster's orders.

"Bring me some of this here liver and bacon," he commanded haughtily, "and apple pie, with a good big hunk of ice cream on it. Get a wiggle on, Susie."

This done, the youth condescended to notice me. His look wore that half-reckless, half-appraisals air, which seemed to say, "Well, old guy, what's the matter with you? What business is it of yours how I behave? I'm not in school any longer; I can do as I jolly well please."

Before Susie had returned with the liver and bacon, and his apple pie, with

a big hunk of ice cream on it, I had finished my repast and betaken myself sadly away, wondering what the rising generation was coming to anyway.

Business men, who have occasion to employ boys and girls in their offices, have many complaints to offer now-a-days about the capabilities, the deportment, and even the honesty of a great part of those who enter business life. There seems to be a serious lack somewhere, and the deficiency is very generally attributed to defects in the school system. The nature of these defects evidently impress different people in different ways, for an investigation carried on among a number of business men revealed quite a variety of opinion. On only one point were they unanimous, and that was in the belief that the school system must be remedied before there can be any decided improvement.

A manufacturer gave it as his opinion that the schools had been turned into machines, that the scholars were treated individually on identically the same lines, despite marked differences in constitution and ability, and that they were each and all educated up to a pattern. The human element and the kindly guiding hand were conspicuously lacking. The result was that boys and girls were crammed full of knowledge, which was out of harmony with their gifts—that they missed many things which would have helped to develop their abilities along

congenial lines, and that they were started in life improperly equipped for the work to which they were later consigned.

How far is this true? Let any one who reads these lines take a retrospective view of his school life and see how it fits in with his own case. Did any one of the half-dozen teachers in your public school course depart from the every-day routine of prescribed studies to take a personal interest in your work, to encourage you to take up and follow out those studies for which you had a special aptitude, to fit your present training to your future calling? Perhaps some few may have experienced the blessing of having such teachers, but the number of these great men and women educators is few and far between. They were mostly content to get through the day's drudgery in the ordered way and to cram into their scholars the text-book lessons as they came along.

But, it will be objected, it is not the system you are blaming, but the teacher. Not at all, the inefficient teacher, the system teacher, is the fruit of the system himself or herself, and is limited by the requirements of the system. Until the system of teaching is reformed, there can be no teachers of the kind eulogized. Some years ago before the system became so very much systematized, there were teachers of strong personality and originality, who graduated from their schools boys and girls of like qualities. These boys and girls went out into the world to cope with the problems of the times and they solved them on the strength of their own initiative. But to-day, the average system-graduated boy seems powerless to act outside of the limits in which he has been trained.

A second business man complained very bitterly of the breeding and manners of the public school youth and on this point there was a general concurrence of opinion. He was inclined to attribute it largely to the fact that the boys were taught almost entirely by women.

"Compare the youth who comes to us from the preparatory school with the boy from the public school. Of course, I will admit that the boarding school boy is likely to have had more home advantages than the public school boy, but this the school should rectify. The former is well-bred and gentlemanly in his deportment; he has been in contact with male teachers who have necessarily to possess good manners, and the institution makes it a strong point to put on some polish, as well as to drive home learning. On the other hand, the public school boy, while he may know more in some cases, nearly always lacks manners. The influence of women teachers on him after he has passed the little-boy stage, is injurious, to my mind. It needs the man to handle the boy, after the early period. I need gentlemanly boys in my business, and I prefer the preparatory school boy on that account."

This matter of good manners, so aptly illustrated by the incident of the restaurant, is a most important one, and it is one of the subjects neglected in the public school system. Learning is not everything; good manners should not be overlooked. It does not do to find fault with the army of school teachers, hard-working men and women, doing their best under the system, and generally ill-paid, but it must be said that the system is to blame for a wide-spread lack of culture among them. I have known teachers—present-day teachers—who have eaten with their knives, and have been guilty of other vulgar atrocities. These people were brought up in humble surroundings, where such habits are excusable, and have attended public and high schools. Their learning would put many more cultured people to shame. But they have never been taught the rudiments of good manners, and, in consequence, here they stand, teachers of young Canada, a grievous example to their pupils. How can it be expected that the pupils of to-day should be any more refined?

Of course, there will be many people who will maintain that manners are not everything, and that no man should be despised for eating with his knife. Unfortunately the business world is not so broad-minded and the modern employer needs to have his employees conform to the correct standards. He cannot be blamed for this. If it be good business form to dress correctly, and to act in conformity with certain approved social forms, the business man who fails to demand these observances from his staff is losing ground.

Our schools should recognize this requirement more seriously than they do, and, in addition to military drill, patriotic observances, etc., should make it a point to instill good manners, and all the other forms of deportment, into the make-up of their pupils, as well as to turn their attention in the direction of character-building.

A third business man, whose views were solicited on the important question of education, lamented the lack of morality and honesty among the young people, and felt that the schools should do something to rectify this. "Not enough attention is given to ethical teaching in the schools," said he, "I have a warm admiration for the type of youngster sent out from the separate schools. Taken all in all, you get better service from them than from the average public school graduate. They are more honest in their work and give careful and painstaking attention to it. I believe this is largely due to the religious training they receive. In the public schools, we steer too far away from this track and, in order to be non-sectarian, our schools become non-religious. It is a great loss."

Evidently there is a great deal of what may be called petty dishonesty among the young people who enter business life. I do not mean the stealing of goods or money, but what is just as bad, the stealing of time—all manner of contrivances to shirk work

and to get ahead of the employer. A lot of this is due simply to ignorance. A boy may realize that it is criminal to tap the till, but it does not come home to him that it is quite as much a breach of the eighth commandment to take his master's time for his own purposes. Our schools err in neglecting to impress on the scholars these serious questions.

In this department the residential schools, mainly supported by religious denominations, possess a decided advantage. In these schools the scholars live in close touch with their instructors, night and day, and not only receive instruction in various branches of learning, but are given religious training, inspiring them with right ideals and sound principles.

A student of social questions, to whom I referred the subject of this article, was of the opinion that our business men did not take that interest in the school system which they should. "They complain about the schools not turning out the kind of graduates they want," said he, "but what are they doing to improve matters? Let them take a more active interest in the schools, serve on the boards, make a more careful scrutiny of educational legislation, and direct the course of educationalists into more practical lines. These such reforms will follow as will put the system on a more satisfactory footing."

This would seem to be a sane and satisfactory piece of advice. It is hardly to be expected that the authorities, out of touch as they are with business life, should understand the requirements of business men. They themselves need this instruction, and, when they become impressed with the need of reforms, looking towards the broadening of the scholar's life and the inculcation of good manners and good morals, the result will be advantageous to all round.

The Goodness of Woman

By Deda Cornish

Illustrated by Stan Murray

IN the public dining-room the orchestra was playing the last movement of the Peer Gynt suite. Persistent strains of the melody floated up to Everard's rooms, where he was giving a small dinner-party to celebrate his first real success in the world of stage-craft. People said that the author of "The Demon" was destined to find a niche in the hall of fame with Sardou, Mirbeau, and even Ibsen himself. They had done their work, at least, most of them. Everard's was but at its beginning, and he was still a young man. He had been publicly feted and lauded by the press until his head, if it were not screwed on so firmly, might have been turned. And now he was entertaining his intimates, the men he best liked and loved to have about him. None of them were of his own profession.

It was only last night that "The Demon" was produced, but already its fame had spread over the land like a hurricane. Twenty-four hours ago Everard did not count for much above the ordinary. To-night he was the Successful Playwright, the pre-destined man of genius.

To the public his success came as a shock, for the public was not very familiar with Everard's name. Yet his stepping into the limelight was less spontaneous than people thought. Indeed, he had been there in various guises for several years past. Old memories would be raked over now,

and the public would learn, perhaps to its astonishment, that Everard's first work was "The Musselman," which had enjoyed a brief success in London three seasons ago. "The Musselman" was neither very good nor very bad. It had just passed, and gave to its author a small amount of money and a great amount of hope.

This play was followed by "Seeds of Discontent," which failed utterly. Subsequently, "Seeds of Discontent" was translated and produced in Germany under the title of "Der Unzufriedene." That play was Everard's pet and he spent nearly his last shilling in order to travel to Berlin to see it put on. For his pains he had the ghastly experience of seeing the London failure reproduced. "Seeds of Discontent" got not a hand from the critical Teutons and was withdrawn at the end of its first week.

After that experience Everard returned to London and subsisted for a time on short stories and serials. He had to live, and his pen was the scapal by which his fortunes, good or bad, were to be carved. Once when hunger dogged his heels he started to write a melodrama. It was more than half finished when he tore it up. He knew that it would be successful, and that was not the sort of fame he wanted.

Afterwards had followed a long, hard fight. Only Everard knew the bitterness of it; the weary rounds of

interviewing agents, of waiting at the doors of managers' offices, and the snubbings which were inevitable. What scant success had previously been his seemed to act as a curse on all that he attempted afterwards.

When finally with "The Demon" in his hand he knocked once more at the door of fame, that coy damsel unexpectedly relented. She flung the portal wide to him and perhaps no one was more surprised than Everard himself. Yet he knew what the public did not; that he had fairly won his spurs. People spoke of him as a meteor; or, less grandiloquently, as a rocket. He knew that as an exhibition of fireworks he had been hissing and spluttering for a weary length of time.

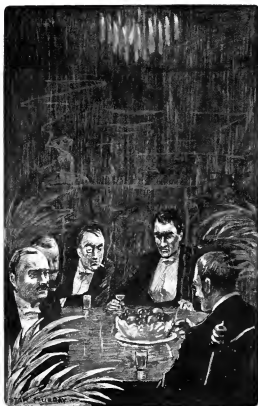
The story of "The Demon" was a common one. It dealt with the infidelity of a woman and the consequent suffering and shame her conduct brought about. Yet, somehow, the audience and press had taken the woman's part, although manifestly the character was unsympathetic. As one critic pitifully said, the wronged husband "got all that was coming to him." But if Everard had failed to carry his point he had succeeded in provoking a storm of controversy. In an age when women's rights and wrongs are the subject of so much discussion his handling of the theme proved to be a happy one, from the standpoint of interest. It was a play, said the critics, which also might be taken as a prophecy. That was another thing which in their enthusiasm they called Everard; he was a prophet.

In appearance the Successful Playwright belied his new title. If he was a prophet, he was a very modern one, and he wore his evening clothes with the distinction conferred by the three generations which the English say it takes to make a gentleman. He was lean and clean-shaven; he had smooth brown hair that glistened from much brushing; shrewd, rather merry, blue eyes; a mouth that was generous and kindly, although perhaps a trifle weak, and a nose that hesitated on the verge

of being snub. But there was a restless expression in his eyes as well as a merry one, and his face had a bad color. It was the doctor's private opinion that Everard drank more than was good for his health, and perhaps smoked too much.

The servant had cleared away the cloth and left the dessert and coffee and liqueurs. The doctor accepted a cigar and as he did so threw a sharp glance at his host as though seeking to gauge some secret and unsuspected fact, the doctor was frankly curious about his friend for he was the only one of the lot who doubted Everard's genius although he would have been the last man to say so. "The Demon" had surprised him. He wondered if it was one of those rare flashes in the pan which even the man of mediocre talent sometimes displays. Or if it was something else which for the moment would not bear definition.

"Come, old chap," he said, smiling good-humoredly, "it's time you explained yourself—just between friends. You've known us all long enough to tell us the truth. In 'The Demon,' if you are to be taken seriously, you would have us believe that imagination is the greatest thing in the world. You point out in quite allegorical fashion that it is first imagination which induces the heroine to believe herself unhappy. And then you fire that elusive quality in her by a brute whom you quite appropriately style 'The Demon.' He plays upon her imagination until her senses are touched. It is Faust modernized—a potent piece of imagery brought up to date, yet, withal, medieval without the medieval setting. Your Marguerite is a married woman. In Goethe's time the young girl was the meat of the dramatist and the man of letters. Perhaps they are identical. Are they? I don't know. Never mind, that's a detail. . . . Now you give us the married woman, ad nauseam. We've had a bit too much of her, I'm thinking. I hope as you fellows progress you'll leave the sacred bones of my grand-



"THE SERVANT HAD CLEARED AWAY THE CLOTH AND LEFT THE DESSERT AND COFFEE AND LIQUEURS."

mother alone. I should hate to think of her developing unexpected coarseness tendencies."

The young man giggled—that is the only word for it—and over the face of the financier spread a slow appreciative grin. The lawyer struck a match intending to light his cigar, but blew it out again in order to cut into the conversation before Everard could reply.

"Our friend is right enough," he said. "My professional experience proves that. It is the woman of forty—yes, and even older—who gets involved in difficulties nowadays."

"You're asking, doctor," said their host, reverting to the original question, "if I believe imagination to be the greatest thing in the world. Emphatically, yes. Why, man alive! it is imagination which has brought our civilization to where it is. Do you suppose for one moment that if man had not imagined bridges and railways and forty-storey sky-scrapers, they would ever have been built? Quite apart from play-writing, which, after all, cannot be described as one of the necessities of life, everything hinges upon imagination."

"I don't agree with you," said the financier, heavily. "Everything hinges upon money. I ask you what in this world can be accomplished without money?"

"It is the imagination of man which has produced money," said Everard quickly.

"I wish I had that kind of imagination," interjected the young man.

"My experience," began the lawyer—he was inclined to be didactic—"proves to me that the greatest thing in the world is neither so ennobling a quality as imagination, which our host would have us believe, nor so useful a commodity as the financier asserts, and our young friend here, covets. It is fear, combined with cowardice—fear of starvation, of the law, of getting found out—of public opin-

ion. Anything you like. Fear drives a man to steal; fear also keeps him honest."

"You are a cynic," said the doctor. "It is certainly nothing of the sort. The greatest thing in the world is the goodness of woman, and that is why I think Everard has missed his point in 'The Demon.' He tried—and failed, I am glad to say—to make us believe the reverse. But his character got the better of him. Everybody who sees 'The Demon' will come away convinced that Margaret Delamore is a good woman."

The doctor was looking down at the table as he spoke, but Everard started as though he had been directly addressed and then hastily drained off a brandy liqueur. He pushed the decanter towards the doctor, but the latter shook his head. "Thank you, no—the port has put me into a reflective frame of mind. I don't want to lose it."

The young man asked eagerly, "Isn't that a rather old-fashioned assertion of yours, doctor—about the what you call 'the goodness of woman'?"

"In most things I'm an old-fashioned man," responded the doctor severely. "Money is all right in its place and I honestly believe that it has done more good than harm in the world, but when you speak of imagination, of fear, of cowardice—all of those things are inspired by the goodness of woman."

"What rot!" Everard laughed nervously. "Have women done anything worth mentioning?—I mean, taking them collectively. Of course, there have been exceptions, now and again."

"Oh, well, now you're opening a big topic. You'll have to get a suffragette to answer that question. I'm hampered by an ignorance of statistics, and have no arguments at my tongue's end. I'm thinking of specific cases. After all, one judges by his own experiences, doesn't he? It's all we have to go by." The doctor pursed his lips thought-

fully. "But when you ask what women have done, I can only say I have never yet known of anything that wasn't accomplished by a woman. Most of them, I grant you, work by proxy. Every living man is stimulated by the genius, the needs, or the demands of his womenkind."

"Oh, what rot!" exclaimed Everard again. But his voice had a nervous ring and he tapped on the table with his fingers.

"No, not rot—not altogether," said the doctor, reflectively. He was looking at his host with a steady, thoughtful expression in which there was much kindness, and some reproach. "You wouldn't say that if you knew—well, everything that I know. Sometimes I think that we who spend all our days and most of our nights in the sick-chamber learn more of life than you chaps who rove over half the world. And, of course, women are the chief sufferers. The doctor usually knows more about women than about men. I'm thinking of a case in point."

Everard raised a strong white hand and passed it over his hair. Even that gesture bespoke nervousness, but none of the men seemed to realize that their host was ill at ease.

The strains of the Peer Gynt had died away now, and the room was very quiet. The dark, well-chosen furnishings, the shaded lights that gleamed on mahogany and silver, and the faint smell of the flowers all had a subtle and stimulating effect. They sat as in a charmed circle, these five, and they enjoyed talking of abstract things. Many great questions have been propounded, quarrelled over, and all but threshed out after dinner.

The young man broke a short silence. His manner reeked of bravado in order to conceal embarrassment.

"What about love? When you're talking of the greatest thing in the world? It seems to me—"

"Love can be bought and sold," interrupted the financier.

The lawyer granted. "Love!" "I suppose you know that I've built my career in the divorce courts. Love! The very word makes me sick. Come along, any day, I'll show you a few things."

"As I was saying," persisted the doctor, "I know of a case. It's only one—one of hundreds, but it will serve to clinch my point better than any argument I could bring to bear. No, no, you are all wrong. It is the goodness of woman which is the most supreme thing in this little old world of ours."

Everard laughed and poured himself another brandy. "Get on with your story, doctor," he said. "It's quite plain you're itching to tell it."

"Thank you," said the doctor, "I am. It's so fresh in my mind and it involves so many things that may seem to you gentlemen here as a little impossible, but which really are finger-posts planted by Fate. I feel you ought to know of it. My story has a sordid beginning, and a sordid ending."

"Cheer up!" interrupted Everard. "Do have a liqueur, doctor."

"Thanks—in a moment."

The others leaned forward attentively. They liked the doctor when he was in this mood. They felt pleasantly comfortable, and if his story was gloomy, surely it was impersonal enough not to disturb them.

"It began six or seven years ago, in London," said the doctor, "in a little cheap Bohemian circle . . . calling themselves writers, painters, and what not. You know the type, Everard? You must have met it. . . . Women in high art dresses with no stays or collars, and their hair done in imitation of Burne-Jones pictures. Men with floppy ties, slouch hats, and a habit of avoiding the barber's. . . . Whisky-and-soda, beer and cigarettes; or the other extreme, total abstinence and a predilection for nut diets and vegetarianism. . . . Somehow there had got mixed up in this dingy set a woman whose quali-

ties placed her far above the average. I cannot say she was beautiful, I had not the pleasure of knowing her then, but she had charm, undeniably, and good teeth and hair, which go a long way towards making a woman desirable. And she possessed a brain, too.

Yes—yes—brain very far above the average. One that would have carried her anywhere, that if she had been left alone would have lifted her high out of that slough. She was young and fairly well educated, but somehow she got hold of the wrong end of the stick. You understand what I mean? . . . the wrong people. They weren't doing her any good. But she was young, and as I said before, had brain. She would have found her way out all right if she had been left alone."

"Oh, I see," interrupted the lawyer, "there was a man. There always is."

"Yes," assented the doctor, "there was a man—a married man," he added, giving emphasis to the words.

The financier made a harsh, grating sound in his throat, which was neither a grunt nor a chuckle, but partook of the nature of both. "I suppose he bought her," he said.

"No, he didn't have money enough to do that, even if she was that kind of woman, which she wasn't."

"Love!" said the young man.

"A stupid kind of infatuation," said the lawyer.

"Oh, well, now, wait until I've finished before you draw your conclusions. Perhaps you may all be right. Perhaps it was because of lack of money that she couldn't be bought. It may have been love—or infatuation, as our cynical friend suggests."

"Ha! She gave herself to him—" said Everard. "Nothing unusual in that."

"No, she didn't, not in the sense you mean. She gave him her brains, which was much more useful to him. She did love him—I suppose there was no doubt about that."

"What sort of a chap was he to sponge on a woman?" asked the young

man, disgustedly. "I suppose he was one of that riff-raff you were telling about."

"No—no, he wasn't," said the doctor, answering the last question first. "He was rather decent, on the whole, I think. But he never gave her any credit for what she did for him. He was angry with her because he thought she didn't love him. To him love meant only one thing. He had put it plainly to her that he didn't care for his wife—in fact, they were separated. The wife had money and he had none, and that had led to discord long before he met the 'other woman.'"

Well, this girl—she wasn't much over twenty then—begged him to run away with her. She had courage for two. Italy, she said . . . some place where they could work and live quietly and let the world hum by them. She was willing to take the risk . . . bear the burden of ostracism. The greater share was bound to be hers. She pointed her picture for him . . . it was in glowing colors, I'll be bound. And then he painted one for her—they both had Everard's gift of imagination. Editors wouldn't buy their stories, he said . . . people would not come to see their plays . . . if they lived that sort of a life. No, they must be everything to each other . . . surreptitiously. They must humbug the world into believing that they were only friends, collaborators. The man pointed out that very probably the world wouldn't be humbugged a bit, but it would respect their hypocrisy."

"What did I say?" questioned the lawyer, fiercely. "Aren't you proving it by your story, doctor? It was fear that ruled that man's life."

"Yes, but it didn't turn out to be the greatest thing in his life, my dear chap. It was the goodness of the woman that made him what he is to-day. And the pity is, he never gave her a scrap of credit for it . . . doesn't at this minute . . . He's taken the rewards, the glory of it all . . . and they belong to her."

Everard was leaning back in his



"I WAS SITTING BEHIND HER IN A SHADY, INDEMNIFIABLY REGULATE ROOM"

chair. Only the doctor noticed how ill and white he looked.

"If they'd had money to start with—the financier began heavily.

"Yes—money might have made a difference . . . if only the man had been strong enough. The woman was strong without it. And mind you, she was good all through. I call it brave of her to refuse to live a lie. The man called it stupidly selfish . . . He said he wouldn't see her again, unless she changed her mind. He bullied her, shamelessly."

"But if she loved him, I should have thought—" the young man hesitated and was conscious of much embarrassment.

"That's what he said," the doctor replied gravely. "If she loved him, he said, she wouldn't want to wreck his career . . . make him a by-word. He mentioned doors that would be closed to him, for socially he was well-connected. He loved the girl in a way, but to him her proposition was as intolerable as living a lie was to her. They came to a deadlock over it. . . . Never had he given her credit for any special cleverness, and when she said she would prove her love by helping him to get on, he did what almost any other man would have done . . . laughed at her. . . . It's been five years since last they met. In all that time scarcely a day has gone by that she didn't write to him. Not love letters . . . never a word of that sort. Just notes, scraps, ideas, plots for plays and stories . . . anything that seemed to her good and worth his while. She skimmed the cream of her intellect for him, and he accepted her offerings. At first he protested, but after a time he grew to depend upon her, absolutely. He used everything she sent him . . . some of it was indifferent, some of it wonderfully good. In the end she made him famous. Without her genius behind him his work couldn't last a day . . . And now, my friends, I'm afraid he's doomed, for all of her goodness."

"Going to take her revenge, eh? Going to chuck him and let him shift for himself?" the lawyer chuckled.

"Serve him jolly well right," growled the young man.

"No. . . . But it seems curious that you aren't interested in how she managed to get on all that time. He never was able to find her—I doubt if he tried. But she followed him about. When he left London, she came after him, an unobtrusive guardian angel. She did cheap journalism, pot-boilers, and the like. You see, she gave her best to him, and then there was very little left for herself. . . . If I were to tell you how she lived, it would make you sick. And after this very good dinner our host has provided us, it will sicken you still more to learn that practically she starved to death."

"Starved to death—" Everard's lips parted. His face was ghastly.

"Yes. She is dead, poor soul. . . . I didn't have the pleasure of seeing all of the last act of your play, Everard. I must go again. Perhaps I'll find my impressions of it changed . . . I was called away in the middle of that last act, and it seemed to me a particularly good one. . . . Of course, in the end you made Margaret Delamore kill herself—I could see that coming. But I should have liked her to be happy. I'm old-fashioned. I believe in happy endings, both to plays and stories. They leave a nice taste in your mouth."

"They're inartistic," said the lawyer.

"Dead! That—that woman is dead—" Everard repeated the words stupidly.

The financier glanced at the brandy, and then at the doctor. His look was significant. He leaned over, drew the decanter towards him, helped himself to a small liqueur, and then left the bottle out of Everard's reach.

"Yes, she is dead," the doctor assented softly. "I was called away to attend her. When the curtain rang down to 'The Demon,' Everard, I was

sitting beside her in a shabby, indescribably desolate room . . . you know, or perhaps you don't . . . mildewed wallpaper, filthy bed-coverings, flaring gas-jet . . . place reeking with the smell of bad cooking. . . . Ugh! . . . I'm sorry! I'm afraid I've depressed you all."

Everard staggered to his feet. He went to one of the windows and threw it open with a clatter. A fine damp mist was on his forehead and his hands were shaking.

"God . . . !" he muttered. And then, very softly, "God . . . forgive me!"

"After all," observed the young man thoughtfully, "when you get back to the main subject—after all, it seems to me that I'm right. The greatest thing in the world must be Love."

"Love involves passion," said the doctor, "and the goodness of woman can rise superior to that, as I have proved."

"I'm thinking of that man," observed the lawyer. "I wouldn't be in his shoes. When he finds out—if he ever does—"

"He'll find out right enough, when the cheques cease to come in," said the financier.

Extracting All the Gold

By

John E. Bullard

IN one process of extracting gold, sand containing gold is thrown into a sluice-way containing running water. The water washes the sand over little pools of mercury. The mercury dissolves the gold and allows the sand to pass on. If there is just the right amount of mercury distributed over the right area, practically all the gold is taken out. If there is nothing but water, no gold is removed.

What we read or hear is largely sand, but in it there is a deal of gold. Some minds seem to possess the judgment or, as we would call it in the process just described, the right amount of mercury to extract all the gold. Other minds seem to contain nothing but water.

Criticism and advice is wealth-bearing. Much of it is of no value, yet it all contains gold. If our mind has the right amount of mercury this will be extracted.

An education does not mean learning things by rote or becoming a living encyclopedia. It does mean so

equipping the mind with mercury that it will extract all the gold from the sand thrown into it. There is not a man, a woman or a child from whom we can learn nothing. All the sand made up of conversation or writing contains gold. Some kinds, of course, are richer than others, but all of them contain gold.

If we take all criticism and advice in good part and carefully store it away in our memory to run through the refining process, we greatly benefit by it. On the other hand, if we take it angrily, we upset the mercury, waste our energy and gain nothing.

We should endeavor to give advice and criticism constructively rather than destructively. Destructive advice and criticism is poor sand. It is more likely to clog the refining apparatus than to yield any great amount of wealth.

Self-control, good books, conversation with better men than we are and constructive criticism will help.—*Business Philosopher.*



WILLIAM E. BRAUS
FUNDOR OF THE BRAUS SCHOLARSHIP

A Scholarship in the School of the World

By Edith Carew

THE average college graduate seldom finds at the end of his or her school days that he has three thousand dollars in his pocket for a little journey around the world. Yet such is the case with Miss Mabel E. Sturtevant, of Brookfield, Missouri, who is now in Canada.

She is working under the dictates of the Braus International Scholarship. This scholarship was founded by Wm. E. Braus, who was born and

reared in a little hamlet near Hamburg, Germany. Having lost both his parents in early infancy, he was left to the care of a none too indulgent maiden aunt. An exceptionally bright student, he was the acknowledged winner of the municipal prize, even before examinations were held. Several other boys were equally desirous of winning the reward, but they felt that no hope remained to them with him in the contest. Determining upon a plan to

get him out of the way, they hired two ruffians to capture their rival and keep him away from the contest until closing time.

The youth was on his way to the school building from his aunt's little cottage on the outskirts of the village when he was met by the ruffians and taunted and bullied, finally being dragged off bodily to the banks of a stream, where he was promised a good ducking if he made any outcry. Discerning the plot and knowing the anger of his unrelenting aunt, and the abuse which would be heaped upon him when she learned of his defeat, he set out on foot for Hamburg. He sought the captain of one of the many sailing vessels, lying at the dock, and told his straightforward story, asking for a position on the ship. He thus entered upon a seafaring career, but never entirely threw off his studious habits. At each port, he added a volume or two to his little library.

He found time to traverse many fields of learning and always kept up his habit of study during his long voyages at sea. Although he never received academic letters or degrees, he possessed the look and bearing of a scholar, and his tastes were always along educational lines.

Shrewd in business and attentive to the demands of the hour, he still kept pace with each new educational stride. He often said that the best turn which man ever did for him was when those village bullies made it impossible for him to attend the examinations and win the prize upon which his heart

was set. The success could have given him, at most, not more than one more year in school. After that he would have settled down to common school teaching for the remainder of his life, narrow, bigoted and of little force in the world. He had, at the right age, left home to enter that greatest of all schools—the world at large. He was old enough to distinguish and resist its evils and young enough to reap all the benefits of world contact.

Judging by the college men he met in his wanderings and his business dealings, he believed that the time when travel does the most good is when the student is just out of school. His mind is then stored with a multitude of facts and theories and many false conceptions. Contact with the world corrects false ideas and gives the more practical side to the college man. If, however, he waits, as must the average person who completes the college or university course, at heavy financial outlay, until he has become more or less fixed in the groove of thought into which his profession leads him, travel affords rest and change and has its benefits, but does not give the same permanent value that it does after college days.

When the time came for him to make final disposition of his fortune, he conceived a plan by which to give this opportunity to students at the time they most need it. He invested his entire estate under the management of trustees, the proceeds to form a fund from which should be taken two thousand dollars every three years for



MISS MABEL E. STURTEVANT
A MERRICK GIRL, WHO WON THE FIRST BRAUS SCHOLARSHIP

an international scholarship. This was to be the championship reward in the examination contest of students from the universities of the world. The remainder was to be divided into a large number of national scholarships of a thousand dollars each. These were to be awarded to the contestant from each country making the highest marking, and was to afford a year of travel in his own land.

The International affords opportunity for a longer period of travel all over the world. All lapsed national scholarships contribute one-fourth to the International, the remainder re-

verting back into the fund for the next contest.

As the contest last year was the first to be held, many countries did not compete. Canada, may it be said with regret, was among the number. As a result there were several lapsed scholarships and the winner of the international prize now has over three thousand dollars with which to see the world.

The recipient is required to do a given amount of personal research work along sociological lines, but time is granted for individual investigation in any direction which the student may desire.

Concentration of Effort

By

Thomas A. Edison

IF there is any message I can give that might be of value to young people, it would be this: to be interested in whatever they undertake or may be doing at the moment; to dismiss from their minds everything else but the one thing they are doing at the time, and to think only of that one thing in all its bearings, from every view-point, and to be master of it. Don't mind the clock, but keep at it, and let nature indicate the necessity for rest. After resting, go at the work again with the same interest. The world pays big prices to men who know.

To accomplish things there must first be an idea of possibility, then the watchword must be "TRY"; and keep

on trying with enthusiasm and a thorough belief in an ability to succeed. If you are convinced that a certain thing can be done, never mind what the world says to the contrary—experiment, if you are really interested.

Forget entirely the word "disappointment." Failures, so-called, are but finger-posts pointing out the right direction to those who are willing to learn.

So far as I can see, these principles have influenced me in the years that have passed. In addition, I have always believed that hard work and a living, general interest in everything that makes for human progress will make men or women valuable to themselves and to the world.

The Haunting of Mr. Vanner

A Strange Story of Revenge

By J. J. Bell.

Author of "Was MacGregor", etc.

"GIVE him time, sir; give him time," pleaded the big, black-bearded man. "Have patience, and he will pay thee all. My brother isn't a swindler. He's only been a bit unlucky. Now, sir—"

The smart-looking, middle-aged man at the large desk waved his hand.

"You have gone over that already, Mr. Brand. I have never suggested that your brother was a swindler. Certainly not! It is simply the case of an account becoming so much overdue, that we have been compelled to place it in the hands of our agents for recovery. I gather from my secretary's reports that your brother has made many promises, but has kept none. The law must—"

"I know, sir, I know. But the circumstances are peculiar."

"They usually are, when a man cannot pay. I must ask you to spare me a further recital. I am a busy man, and I tell you frankly that I had you admitted this afternoon under a misapprehension. I thought you were another Mr. Brand."

"I know who you mean—the Mr. Brand who, taking advantage of his similar name, is trying to cut out my brother by producing rubbish to look like my brother's specialties. Mr. Vanner, do you consider that a fair game?"

Mr. Vanner smiled in a tired fash-

ion. "I'm afraid I have not time for further discussion on the subject of your brother's affairs. You must remember that, until to-day, I never heard of your brother, Mr. Brand. This is a very large business—"

"But it belongs to you?"

"Of course. Practically, at any rate," said Mr. Vanner, complacently.

"A large business—so large that you don't know what you're doing!"

Mr. Vanner was ruffled. "I know what I'm doing—to the last ounce of metal, and the last farthing of money," he said, sharply.

John Brand drew a quick breath. "But you don't know what you're doing to my brother. I ask your pardon, sir. I don't want to seem impertinent. As I told you, my brother did not know I was coming to see you to-day. He did not dream of such a thing. To tell you the truth, sir, he had almost given up hope last night. That last lawyer's letter fairly crumpled him up. You see, he's not a strong man, and he's a bit troubled with his nerves. But he's honest and clever, and—"

"Really, Mr. Brand, I fear I cannot spare you more time. If you insist, you had better see my chief clerk—"

"He's no good, sir. He's just a machine. He would take a note of it, and give a note of it to someone else.

and—and so on. But a word from you, Mr. Vanner, a word from you—"

Mr. Vanner coughed, and picked up a pencil, the copying-ink pencil with which in these days he signed his dictated letters, pen and ink being out of the question for so busy a man.

"That will do," he said, coldly. "We have certain principles, and a certain system in this business, to which we adhere. Your brother has received the limit of leniency. The law must—"

"But a little longer, Mr. Vanner," cried the big man, writhing in the chair that seemed too small for him. "Call off your dogs—I mean your lawyers. Give him another month—one month—to try to get that contract I told you about. Call off your lawyers. I don't say lawyers have no souls, but they must surely leave them at home when they go out to business in the mornings, for their letters are—are hell. I'm only a poor man in a situation. But my brother may be worth thousands any day. Call off your lawyers in the meantime, sir, and give him a spell of peace."

Mr. Vanner stretched his hands towards a bell on his desk. His shaven face had hardened, yet he was neither an unjust man nor a merciless. Albeit, his patience was exhausted. He had listened to a long story, pitiful, no doubt, but quite commonplace. It was no satisfaction to him to drive a debtor into bankruptcy; but if he did not do it, someone else would. Besides, there was still the possibility of the lawyers recovering the debt before other creditors fell upon the unfortunate. It was only business. The amount involved—a trifle over a hundred pounds—was a petty matter to a firm such as his, but he might as well retire as begin to make bad debts with his eyes open. His finger touched the button.

"Man!" cried his visitor, "you don't know what you're doing. Wait, wait! You must not break James. I—I'm afraid of what he might do. There's a thing in the papers this

morning about a poor soul that threw himself under a train, and left a note saying he'd been driven to it by—lawyers. Maybe, he had no right to contract debts, and you'd be correct in saying that the debts were really the cause of his madness. But it took somebody—somebody among his creditors—to push him over the thin line betwixt hope and despair. Somebody didn't mean it, but somebody did it, Mr. Vanner. And though it was all in the way of business and perfectly legal, and all that, I thought this morning that I'd rather be the poorest devil in the world than the lawyer who wrote the last letter received by the suicide. I'm telling you this, sir, as a last resort—Ah!"

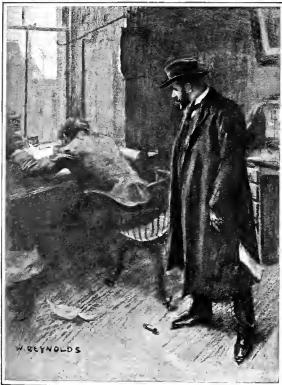
Mr. Vanner's finger had wavered, but now it pressed the button firmly. His visitor was undoubtedly getting maudlin.

John Brand rose from his chair, one great fist aloft.

"No, no!" he said, passionately. "You needn't be afraid. I'll not touch you, though I could put the life out of your well-dressed body and your smart brain with one hand. It was your heart I wanted to touch, and I've failed. You can't—you won't—break your rules of business. You won't phone to your lawyers ordering them to let James Brand alone for another month. The law, you say, must take its course. Well, I say, damn your business principles and your law!" He dropped his hand to his side, as a knock fell on the door, and a clerk entered.

"Show this gentleman out," said Vanner, speaking evenly, but looking a little pale.

"One moment!" The big man's voice sank almost to a whisper. "I have to thank you for seeing me, Mr. Vanner. I'm sorry—not for anything I've said, but for the way I've said some things. I'm glad I never so far forgot myself, save once, as to quote Scripture. There was a certain temptation to do so, because, though you may not know it, we both attend the same church pretty regu-



"HE STOOD AS IF FLEEING"

lary. But Scripture boids but poor arguments for week-days. Perhaps, indeed, I had no argument at all for what I have said. Business is like Nature: it kills off the weak and struggling. You are not inhuman—and yet, Mr. Vanner, I think you have made a mistake this time." Brand bowed, picked up his hat and followed the wondering clerk.

On the steps of the great building of offices he halted, his hand to his head. Was there no earthly possibility of his being able to find the money himself? To John Brand, who had never earned more than thirty-five shillings a week, £107 seemed an enormous sum. All his savings had recently gone in assisting brother James, who, in addition to business responsibilities, had a wife and three children. John was a bachelor of nearly forty. He had no one dependent on him. On the other hand, he had no property worth mentioning. His business position was that of a sub-manager in the furniture department of a well-known firm. He never hoped for anything higher, but fulfilled his duties in a stolid, methodical fashion.

Out of business hours he devoted himself to reading more or less solid works, to helping to entertain ragged boys at an obscure mission-hall, and to admiring his brother James. Apart from his rather handsome appearance, John Brand was quite an insignificant person. And where was such a person to raise, immediately, at least a hundred pounds? His own worldly possessions, including watch and chain, would not, he reckoned, bring more than ten pounds. No; the thing was impossible. And yet there were so many men in that great town to whom a hundred pounds was of no special account; men who gave away that sum, and greater, without thinking of getting anything in return. But, of course, he did not know those men. In a way, he knew one—but that one was impossible. He sighed. His faith and hope in humanity had

suffered a blow, a stunning blow, at that recent interview.

He looked at his watch. A quarter past two. He had obtained liberty for the whole afternoon, anticipating (simple-minded John!) that his mission would be successful, and that he would carry the good news of a month's grace to his brother, and stay awhile to encourage him to greater effort. But now—well, he had better just go back to the furniture department, and see James at night. There was nothing else he could do. Nevertheless, as he passed from one street to another, he thought of the one man he knew to whom a hundred pounds was of "no special account." Yet that one man was surely unapproachable on such a matter.

But, about an hour later, John came face to face with him in the furniture department. He was one of the junior partners, a young man with a reputation for fastness, but with a cheerful and kindly manner to his employees.

"Changed your mind about your half-holiday? Or didn't she turn up?" he said to John.

"Not exactly, sir," John replied with a wan smile. And suddenly a sort of desperate courage came to him. "Could I speak to you in private, sir?"

The junior partner looked surprised. Then he said, pleasantly enough: "Surely! Come along to my room."

Ten minutes later John Brand came out of the private room, his eyes full of tears, and a cheque for all he required in his hand. He did not remember what he had said, how he had explained and begged, and promised. But to his dying day he would not forget the words of his young employer, words so carelessly, yet so kindly, uttered: "There you are, Brand, and good luck to your brother. But don't let yourself get run in for more responsibility. As to repayment, you have offered a pound a week. That will suit me all right,

but you needn't begin paying till the New Year, when—keep it dark in the meantime—you are down for promotion, with fifty shillings a week. Yes, yes. That's all right. You've just time to get the cash, before the bank closes."

It was a very different John Brand that entered the office of Vanner & Co. for the second time that after-noon.

"I wish to pay James Brand's account."

The young clerk, who had attended at the counter, went over and whispered to the cashier. The cashier, who took his own importance from the importance of the firm he served, came leisurely to the counter.

"The account is now in the hands of Messrs. Proudfoot and Bland," he said, adding the legal firm's address, "and should therefore be paid to them."

"Butter your formalities! Do you want the money or not?"

The cashier, somewhat taken aback, muttered something about "legal expenses," and departed to "make inquiry." He returned with a statement of account, which he receipted without remark.

"Here's the cash. Your lawyers can whistle to you for their six-and-eight, or whatever it is," said John, brightly. "And now you'll just ring them up, and tell them to stop fussing a decent man with their ugly letters."

"We shall advise our agents of the payment in due course," said the cashier with a chill dignity.

"Due fiddlericks!" John smote the counter with his clenched fist, so that every clerk in the office jumped. "Do it now!"

"That's enough, my man!" said the indignant cashier. "You—"

"Time's precious!" the big man interrupted him. "Drop your routine for once, and—phone!"

It was done.

"Thank you," said John Brand, mildly. "There's no use keeping a man on the rack after you've got what you wanted out of him. Tell

your master that the account has been paid. Tell him, likewise, from John Brand, that he'll be begging orders from James Brand before six months are over."

Once more John found himself in the street. He could have sung aloud with elation, with gratitude and thanksgiving, as he took a car to his brother's place of business. The solitary clerk, who knew him, pointed to the door of a little room inscribed "private."

"Busy?" queried John, to whom that little room was a sort of holy of holies.

"He's been there since two o'clock. I took him in a letter that came by the four post—"

"Letter—Oh!—Well, I'll just step in."

John took the receipted account from his pocket, and entered, smiling. He closed the door quietly.

At a large, table, littered with papers, covered with calculations, and bearing a pile of ingots of metal of various and exquisite shades of color, sat James Brand. He leaned forward over the table, his hands clenched, and with his face resting on his right arm.

John's foot touched a small empty bottle, and sent it rolling across the floor. The receipt fluttered from his fingers. He stood as if frozen.

Mr. Vanner, about to escort his wife to the theatre, was getting into his overcoat in the hall, when the servant, who had just answered the door, informed him that a man wished to speak to him for a moment. The man would not come in. With an impatient remark, Vanner went to the door. He recognized Brand by his beard; otherwise the man's face had changed.

"Well, what is it, my man? This is not my business address. Besides, my reply to you to-day was final—absolutely final."

"Yes, it was final. Mr. Vanner," said Brand, in a hollow voice. "But your account is paid."

"Oh, indeed. I am glad to hear that, for your brother's sake, as well as my own."

"Your clerk did not tell you?"

"Well, I generally leave such matters to the office."

"I see," said Brand, slowly. "I came to tell you that I paid my brother's account. He does not know it is paid. I hope he may never know—the knowledge would only worry him. He got another letter from your lawyers at four o'clock to-day. A phone from you, when I saw you, would have stopped it, or caused it to be cancelled. It finished him. According to the doctor, he took the poison immediately after. At twenty past four I found him dead. Don't say anything, Mr. Vanner. But, you see, you have made a mistake this afternoon—a mistake you will never forget. For you shall not be allowed to forget." Brand paused, breathing heavily, but when he spoke again, his voice was still cold and hollow. "I say you shall not be allowed to forget. I could kill you, but that would not satisfy me. I could—"

"I am not responsible for this regrettable affair," Vanner broke in, thickly. Then—"Is it money you want?"

"Curse your money! I want nothing from you, but your peace of mind. And—I will have that. From now until I die, I shall pray against you. Do you see what I mean? Think of it, when you sit in church, when you rest at home, when you work in your office, when you go out pleasure-seeking. Think of a man always praying, day after day, morning, noon and night—praying that your prayers may be unanswered, that your hopes may come to nothing, that your desires and ambitions may be refused and confounded. Think of that—and take comfort from your business principles and systems, if you can."

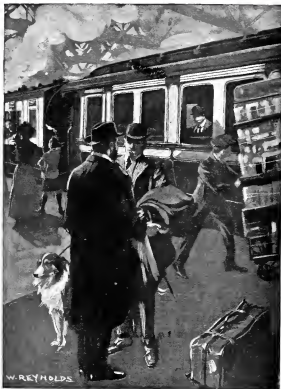
So saying, John Brand, his face convulsed, turned, and departed swiftly.

"A madman!" murmured Vanner. But his countenance was sickly as he closed the door.

II.

Now and then we absorb an idea that is like to a lusty weed. We cut it down, we pull it up; but either the new seed has already fallen, or a scrap of root remains, for ere long it flourishes once more, apace. Sometimes it proves no worse than an annoyance, or a dread; at others, it develops into a mania or obsession. Vanner was not a superstitious man, in the modern meaning of the phrase, at least. He did not believe in ghosts, goblins, or fairies, the evil eye or the power of magic, the crystal globe or the dire possibilities of walking under a ladder. He did not even believe in luck; but that may have been because he had never been what we call unlucky. The business, which he had inherited, had prospered—though not without industry and intelligence on his part; his married life was happy; he had not a discreditable relation; his own life had been straight and clean. No man had ever pointed to him as one who dealt harshly or unfairly with his neighbors; nor had his conscience accused him on that score. He assured himself that he was in no wise responsible for the suicide of James Brand, the inventor and worker in alloys. No one, save a man crazed with grief, would even suggest that he was responsible. To do so would be utterly absurd. The debtor's misfortunes had, in this case, culminated, without a doubt, in a most grievous tragedy, but business would soon cease to be business if unfortunate debtors were all to be treated tenderly as potential suicides. No, no; he was horribly shocked at the thing's happening in connection with his business, he deplored the position of the hapless wife and children; but, before God and before man, he was not responsible.

And yet the idea of John Brand continually praying against him waked in sistent as the days went on.



"BRAND HAD CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE TRAVELER AND HIS WIFE. COULD HE HAVE BEEN SO SAVAGE AND MERCILESS?"

On the morning of the fifth Sunday following the tragedy, Vanner abruptly declared his intention of not going to church. His wife looked perturbed.

"Aren't you feeling well, Fred?"

"Perfectly well. I'm a little tired. Don't worry. I may go in the evening."

But he did not go in the evening. The thought of John Brand in yonder corner of the gallery had become too much for him. And the following Sunday morning he persuaded his wife to accompany him to another church, where a famous man happened to be preaching. There the real blow fell, for Vanner realized that it was not necessary to see his enemy in order to be conscious of the latter's existence. Vanner prayed fervently, but he began to doubt his power to pray successfully against Brand. Perhaps Brand had been a much better man than he. Perhaps . . . A week later, to his wife's dismay, he refused to go to any church. He had decided, he said, to take a walk into the country. He had been feeling the need of it for some time. So he went into the country, to escape the thoughts of Brand that now pervaded even his home, and returned too exhausted to eat his dinner, for he had been trying, as it were, to run away from Brand.

On the morrow he found, among the numerous papers on his desk, a polite intimation from a firm of chartered accountants to the effect that Robert Brand & Co., Fancy Metal Manufacturers, were unable to meet their liabilities.

"It's a bad one, sir," said the old clerk, "though the account was not much behind. They owe us seven hundred and thirty-five pounds."

"Do they?" said Vanner absently, and was silent for a space. "Haden't these people something to do with the—the misfortunes of the other Brand—James Brand?" he asked, tapping the letter with his pencil.

"A good deal, I should say, sir. They imitated many of his fine specialties in trashy material, and seemed

likely to spoil his market. But I heard that James Brand would have found a way of competing with them, and maybe beating them, if he had lived a little longer."

"Ah! . . . But you wouldn't hold them—er—responsible for James Brand's death—would you, Henry?"

"Ah, well, hardly, sir. Business is business, you know. Might as well say that we killed the poor fellow, sir."

"Yes, yes; of course, that would be equally absurd. Well, that's all in the meantime. You can give instructions for lodging our claim."

The old man went out, wondering. "I never saw him take a big bad debt so quietly," he said to himself.

But it was not till he was alone that Vanner really considered the bad debt in itself.

"Good God!" he suddenly whispered; "did John Brand pray for this?"

Later he called himself a fool. The thing had happened simply in the course of business. He had made plenty of bad debts before ever John Brand crossed his path. It was a mere chance that this particular account should be larger than at any previous period. And, of course, the name Brand had its disagreeable associations. Curse the name! He found himself dreading another suicide. He was afraid to open the paper that evening.

"Fred," said his wife, "I wish you would take a holiday. I never saw you so nervous. Is business worrying you, dear?"

It was a rare thing for Mrs. Vanner to ask a direct question; as a rule, she gained her husband's confidence without that.

He laughed shortly. "We made rather a serious bad debt to-day," he said.

"To-day? I am sorry, Fred. But you've been worrying for weeks. And you've grown thin and lost color. Won't you see Dr. Chalmers? I wish you would."

"Nonsense! There's nothing the matter, Isobel—. Unless, as you sug-

gest, a touch of nerves." He laughed again, wishing he could tell her the truth. "I think I'll run up to London for the weekend," he continued. "There are one or two people I could see with advantage at present."

"The very thing!" she cried, looking pleased. "London will do you good."

This was on Tuesday, and during the next three days he experienced a sense of almost cheerful anticipation. It was not that a trip to London was anything of an event, but the thought of putting four hundred miles between himself and the disturbing force gave him hope. Even wireless telegraphy, he had read, might be rendered ineffectual by distance; moreover, he felt that a change of scene and people might serve to put his soul out of tune, so to speak, with the malign influence which he now believed John Brand to be exerting upon it. So, about two o'clock on Friday, he took his pre-engaged seat in the first-class dining-car, and lay back with a sigh of relief, closing his eyes. "Thank God," he said, under his breath.

Just as the train began to move, however, he glanced out of the window, and experienced a shock. On the platform, talking with another man, was John Brand. Vanner turned away—the fraction of a second too late. Brand had looked up, caught sight of the traveler, and his mild countenance had, in the flash of recognition, become savage and merciless.

Vanner ordered a glass of brandy. He was not a drinker of spirits, but he consumed a number of brandies ere he reached his destination that night. In his note-book he wrote a message to his wife. Until he stepped upon the platform at Euston he half-expected an accident. He had engaged a room at the station hotel, and he retired to bed immediately. He slept till three in the morning, when he awoke feverish and wretched. "That infernal brandy!" he told himself, was the cause. Then he proceeded to argue that there had been nothing significant in Brand's being at the

Central Station; doubtless the man had been seeing someone off by the busiest train of the day; his look of hatred at that sudden encounter was, perhaps, natural, though not justified. He, Vanner, hated Brand—and, by heaven, he would heat him yet.

About five o'clock he dropped to sleep again, and when called at eight, he felt better. He had an important appointment for that morning—the signing of a contract involving large benefits to his firm. As he drove through the fresh London air, his spirits rose. It would take a lot of praying to spoil this bit of business! At the same time he put up a brief prayer for himself. A moment later the horse fell.

Vanner was only slightly bruised, but he was greatly shaken, and more so mentally than physically. The policeman found him almost incoherent. He continued his journey on foot, behaving at the crossings like an old woman. He found it necessary to take some brandy before paying his business call.

"I am sorry, Mr. Vanner, exceedingly sorry," said the junior partner of the firm. "As you know, I was most willing that you should have the business, and I thought my uncle was in accord with me in the matter. However, at the last moment—yesterday afternoon, to be precise—he decided otherwise, and accepted another offer. You understand that, personally, I did my best?"

"I understand," said Vanner, with a pale smile. He was not disappointed; he was overwhelmed. The contract had seemed such an absolute certainty.

"I shall hope that we may do business on a future occasion, Mr. Vanner."

Vanner moistened his lips, but did not speak. He drew his hand slowly across his forehead.

"I'm afraid that spill has upset you a bit," said the junior partner, sympathetically. He knew that Vanner was too big a man to be much affect-

ed by the loss of the contract. "Will you rest here, and lunch with me later?"

Vanner thanked him, and rose. "I'm leaving at two o'clock," he managed to say, aching with an intense longing for home.

"I'm sorry. Let me get you a cab."

"Thanks, I'll walk."

The other nodded. "Take care of yourself, Mr. Vanner."

He reached the hotel at noon. The hall-porter came forward with a telegram.

Vanner was while ere he opened it. He sank upon a chair in the lounge, and stared at the dancing words:

"Sorry to ask you come home. Harry met with accident. Isabel."

Harry was his youngest boy.

Presently he pulled himself together and sent a reply:

"Leaving two train. Wire latest to Cardiff seven o'clock. Fred."

Then he went up to his room, and threw himself on the bed.

This was fear indeed! . . .

He was on the verge of panic when, an hour later, he despatched a telegram to his confidential clerk:

"Find out address of John Brand, brother of late James Brand. See him and ask him to meet me arrival London train ten twenty Central to-night. Tell him most important. Vanner."

Another hour, and the long, hideous journey began. Vanner ate nothing; he could neither smoke nor read. He mastered to himself continually.

At Cardiff, the conductor, previously instructed, brought him his wife's message:

"Glad you are coming. Harry no worse."

"Perhaps," whispered Vanner, alone in the compartment, "perhaps he has stopped praying for the moment."

* * *

The train slowed into the Central Station. Vanner, searching the platform with wild eyes, at last caught sight of a big man with a black beard. He almost ran to him.

"Mr. Brand, it was good of you to come," he began.

"What is it?" Brand asked, coldly.

"Come out of the crowd," said Vanner, clatching his arm, and well-nigh dragging him to a deserted platform.

"I wanted to see you, Mr. Brand. I've been thinking over things," he went on with piteous eagerness; "I say, I've been thinking over things, and I—I'd like to do something for the family of your brother. The thought of your brother has been—has been very painful to me. You understand, Mr. Brand?"

"Conscience?" said Brand.

"No—no; not conscience. I still hold that I was not responsible. It was all in—in the course of business. You see that now, don't you? Anyway, the whole thing is a problem beyond human understanding."

There was a short pause, broken by Brand.

"In my eyes, you killed my brother," he said. "You didn't intend to do it, but you did. I do not know why I should have been induced to meet you here. I must go now."

"Stay—stay, Mr. Brand. Let me do something. I—I thought of two thousand pounds. And if I paid that, do you think you might be prevailed upon to stop—to stop?"

"Say no more, sir. If my brother's family were in want, they would take nothing from you. But I am glad to say they are not in want. My brother's patents have been sold for the sum of twenty thousand pounds. He didn't know their value, but I found an honest man who did. That is all. Kindly let me go."

But Vanner, desperate, held the man's arm. In shame and agony he stammered:

"Is money of no use to you, Mr. Brand? What—tell me what I can do to induce you to stop praying?"

Brand stared at him. "Stop praying?"

"Praying against me. You—you know what I mean. Ever since we last parted things have been going wrong with me. And now my little

boy has met with an accident, and God knows what I shall find when I get home. Oh, stop it! I beg you to stop it!"

Something like pity dawned on the big man's face.

"Is it possible that you're thinking of something I said then?" he asked.

"I think I remember, and I meant it at the time. But—well, that was all. It ended there. Go home, Mr. Vanner, and I—I hope you'll find your boy better."

He shook off Vanner's grasp, and turned away.

"Stay!" cried Vanner. "Are you telling me that you have not been praying against me all through the last six weeks?"

"I think you must be crazy," said Brand, not altogether unkindly. "To have such an idea in your head. No man can afford to pray against another. If you want a straight answer, I'll tell you that I'd as soon have prayed for you. . . . You're ill. Give me your bag. I'll get you a cab. You and I shan't meet again."

* * *

As Vanner entered his home, the doctor met him.

"Your boy is going to get better," said the doctor. And Vanner bowed his head—in silence.

Tact

By Edgar Gardner

THE primary mental element in tact is the capacity to conceal the real motives or inclinations in the hope of more certainly obtaining one's desires, materially stimulating a curiosity to discover the motives and intentions and capacities of the person we are in contact with before committing one's self in word and deed. It is essentially the weapon of defence used by the weaker against the stronger, for there is not the same necessity for its exercise by one in the stronger position. There are certain simple rules to be first observed in cultivating this valuable accomplishment. The first to suggest itself is the effort to control and conceal one's temper and annoyance, and to remain silent under provocation or impulse until the strong feelings and emotions have subsided sufficiently to allow time for reflection and judgment. To do this it is only necessary to control the desire to speak at the slightest provocation; it then becomes a good and fixed habit. We are all aware of the errors of others in talking too much

before they have time to think, and where they "land" themselves, but do we always try to correct the fault in ourselves? Therefore, the old maxim that "Silence is golden," and to "Count six before speaking, and six times six before taking action," is worth remembering. The art of looking at one's self from another's point of view and encouraging their criticism is a valuable method of gaining knowledge for self-improvement. One soon learns that if you have an excuse for speaking at all, it is best to come to the point quickly, with as few words and mannerisms as possible, and to be always ready to listen to others and cultivate the mind to concentrate itself on what they are saying, be quick to note their faults and weaknesses, and try to avoid them yourself, while ready to admire their good qualities and imitate the best of them. By controlling impulsive and selfish thoughts and words your actions will reflect keen and well-balanced judgment, enabling you to influence others to respect your advice.

Five Resolutions

JONATHAN EDWARDS, who left a greater mark upon America than almost any other man among her earlier thinkers, made five resolutions for himself in his youth, and lived by them faithfully. To study them is to see one secret of his greatness. To adopt them will make any young soul nearer to greatness itself. They are as follows:

1. Resolved: To live with all my might while I do live.
2. Resolved: Never to lose one moment of time, but to improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can.
3. Resolved: Never to do anything which I should despise or think meanly of in another.
4. Resolved: Never to do anything out of revenge.
5. Resolved: Never to do anything which I should be afraid to do if it were the last hour of my life.

These resolutions did not come from a weak nature, nor from a character free from temptations and faults. They prove that by internal evidence. A youth who had to make Resolution Number Four evidently had a hard fight to control a hot and revengeful temper. Resolution Number Two shows that Jonathan Edwards was as lazy as the average Christian, to start with. They are not the resolves of a perfected saint, but those of a striving young soul, conscious of its own dangers and weaknesses. That is their value and their inspiration. To adopt them is to take up the same struggle, and through it win nobility, virtue and elevation of character just as Jonathan Edwards did long ago.—*Great Thoughts*.



NOVA SCOTIA TECHNICAL COLLEGE

Nova Scotia's Remarkable Progress in Technical Education

By

W. R. McCurdy.

WHILE the Dominion and some of the Provincial Governments are now appointing commissions to look into the question of technical education, Nova Scotia has, in thorough working order, a complete system which already has sent out its graduates in civil and mining engineering, and is giving instruction by day and night in a score of subjects that will make our mechanics more skilled and efficient men and more intelligent and independent citizens. This

is an attainment of which everybody in this far eastern province is proud, and which has been accomplished in the face of initial difficulties that made success seem unlikely.

Two men in Nova Scotia there are who stand out prominently in this triumph—not altogether that they brought it about, but that when "the time had fully come" they saw the opportunity and went ahead and created the great technical education system that bids fair to do much of in-

estimable value for their province, and which singles it out as an example for others. These men are Hon. George H. Murray, Premier of Nova Scotia, and Frederick H. Sexton, principal of the Nova Scotia Technical College.

It has by no means been rapid work doing this. One wonders now that the enterprise has waited so long. Away back sixty years ago the first seed was sown, which has now sprung up and brought forth the present system of technical education. It has been a long period of sowing, and now the time of reaping has come.

The first record we have that some of our leading men saw what might be done by the establishment of such a system—that there were those who appreciated its possibilities—was in the early fifties, when a Nova Scotia Deputy Commissioner of Works and Mines reported on it. He advocated a provincial institution to carry out industrial research—to test ores and clay and the mineral resources of the province—and to train young men to be engineers.

This was a somewhat advanced idea to come from a Government official sixty long years ago. It was early seed sowing, and, though nothing more was done then, it was one of the things that makes the harvest possible to-day.

The next seed was sown some years later, when the Mechanics' Institute

of Halifax was established, and here a little more than mere scattering of seed was done. There were a couple of men in this enterprise, men of vision. The Mechanics' Institute gathered together the nucleus of a technical library, and classes were open for practical drawing and for scientific study. Interest was aroused and considerable good done, but the essential element of funds was lacking. The Institute had to be self-supporting. No Government was back of it, as is the

case in Nova Scotia to-day with its Technical College, and, in course of time came the inevitable collapse.

The third stage in the march towards technical education as Nova Scotia has it now, is found in the writings and works of Professor J. Gordon MacGregor, a Halifax boy, and for a long time professor in Dalhousie University, at the present time the talented occupant of the chair of physics in Edinburgh

University. Professor MacGregor studied the problem of technical education. He considered it a part of the university work, as well as in secondary branches in the high schools and academies. He battled for a scientific and engineering training in the university—for technical education generally.

An enormous amount of data was collected by MacGregor, who wrote of the system of technical education especially as worked out in France,

Germany and Switzerland, and as he thought it should be applied in Nova Scotia. It is twenty-five years since this was done, and MacGregor's report is a classic on the subject. The era of seed-sowing did not pass with MacGregor. There was yet a long time to wait till the time of reaping.

Something tangible was seen eight years ago in the establishment of evening technical classes at the industrial centres of Sydney and Glace Bay. These schools attracted many students, and if the necessary funds had been available there is no doubt that in this would have been found the success so long and so ardently longed for. But the funds were not in hand and the work could not be sustained.

One of the last assaults on the citadel of difficulty was made when the Nova Scotia Mining Society took up the matter, one of the moving spirits at this time being A. A. Hayward. Nova Scotia, with its population of 500,000, is cursed—some people will say it is blessed—with many denominational colleges. The population is hardly great enough for one strong university—not the five already in existence.

The thing that had to be done was to clear away the hitherto insuperable obstacle that existed in the rivalry of these four or five colleges—Acadia, St. Francis Xavier's, King's, Mount Allison and Dalhousie—the latter repudiating the charge of denomi-

nialism and claiming to be the provincial university, helped neither by state nor church. The Mining Society one day got together representatives of these colleges—a great feat—and prevailed on them to agree on a working plan for the establishment by the Government of an engineering college.

The very next day those representatives met the Provincial Government and an agreement was reached that

they would give up any advanced engineering instruction in the last two years of their four years' course if the Government would provide an equipment and teaching staff to carry this on with a high educational standard; the Government on its part agreeing not to touch the first two years' work so long as this was properly provided for in the various colleges.

This modus vivendi made possible the legislation that quickly followed

and the provisions agreed upon were incorporated in the act establishing a Government technical education system for Nova Scotia. Professor Pritchett, of the Carnegie foundation, New York, praised this arrangement, as showing the true genius and zeal of Nova Scotians for education, and he is a man who admittedly knows what he is talking about.

The Government of Nova Scotia to date has granted a quarter of a mil-



HON. GEORGE H. MURRAY
PREMIER OF N.S.



F. H. SEXTON
PRINCIPAL, NOVA SCOTIA TECHNICAL COLLEGE



CLASS OF TAILORS APPRENTICES
LEARNING GARMENT MAKING IN ONE OF THE EVENING TECHNICAL CLASSES

tion dollars for the building and equipment of an engineering college, which offers courses in civil, mining and electrical engineering. The system affords the opportunity he needs for every boy in Nova Scotia who has inclination or ambition. It is possible for all to enjoy the advantages of the college, because the Government has provided twenty full scholarships of \$75 apiece

—one for every county in the province, and two for Halifax and for Cape Breton. The sum mentioned gives free tuition.

The Technical College during the year just closed had thirty students, and nineteen of the scholarships were awarded.

Outside the college, and under its direction, there are twenty-one differ-



CLASS IN MACHINE DRAWING

ent secondary technical schools. Every coal mining community in the province has an evening school for coal miners, where the men are taught the theory and practice of ventilation of mines, methods of working mines, mechanics, geology and surveying. By attendance at these schools the men can gain knowledge to enable them to pass the examination for certificates of competency as responsible mine officials.

The late Cornelius Shields, when he came to Nova Scotia, said that he had expected to bring officials here for his great enterprise in Cape Breton, but when he examined conditions he found the native-born official, trained in these schools, to be superior to the American.

In this connection it is worth noting that the death rate among the miners of Nova Scotia is lower than anywhere else on the American continent. Much of this good showing is traceable directly to these evening technical schools.

As a part of the technical education system of the province there also has been established in the principal coal-mining communities classes for

stationary engineers, where the study of mechanics, steam engines and boilers, pumping and compressing machines, and mechanical drawing, is prosecuted. In these schools laboratories, with various electrical machines and instruments have been installed for practical work.

At the four principal industrial centres—Halifax, New Glasgow, Sydney and Amherst — evening technical schools for men in the various trades have been established, and the subjects studied are business English, practical arithmetic, practical algebra, and geometry, electrical machinery, pharmaceutical chemistry, pharmacy, technical chemical analysis, metallurgy, mechanical drawing, machine drawing, machine design, garment making, architectural drawing and design.

At present plans are on foot to offer trade instruction in many other subjects during the coming year, and a system of instruction by correspondence is to be inaugurated—correspondence schools managed by this Government institution.

The aim at the Nova Scotia Technical College, in the secondary technical



EVENING CLASS IN CHEMISTRY FOR MINING

of its work, is, as stated at the beginning, to make a mechanic more skilled and efficient, a more intelligent and independent citizen.

These schools have been in operation for three years, and the results thus far show the great value of the Nova Scotia system of technical education as developed up to the present time.

One thing should have been mentioned, for it threatened to wreck the whole arrangement after the modus vivendi between the colleges and the Government had been reached. This was the location of the college. Dalhousie was at Halifax, and the other colleges thought that a neutral place should be selected for the Technical College. They advocated Amherst, and some even urged Sydney. The Government took the bull by the horns, however, in brave and courageous style. They tried to find what would bring the greatest good to the greatest number—what all round was the best thing to do—and they decid-

ed that this would be secured by the selection of Halifax as the site for the college, and in this city the college has been built.

The building is erected on land once previously the property of the province. When the Fenian scare came a drill shed was erected on this spot, and after Confederation the land was made over to the Canadian Government for militia purposes. When the Technical College was proposed, and a site was needed, the Dominion Government gave it back to the province, its original owners, as a free gift, and land for forty years devoted to the art of war is now dedicated to the preparation of young Nova Scotians for taking a place on the firing line of industrial operations, where there must be training as complete, to ensure success, as was ever needed to make soldiers good enough to defend their country, should that dread necessity arise.

The Booming of Silver Miss

By

Victor Lauriston

"DID you hear of my lucky strike in Cobalt?" queried Broker Jabex Tooson, indolently. "You don't attempt to insinuate," ejaculated his partner, "that pay silver has actually been found on Silver Miss?"

Chewing diligently at the cigar which a cruel physician had condemned him to leave perpetually unlit, Tooson gazed dreamily through the gill-lettered bucket-shop window across the muddy street of the little town for many moments before answering.

"Better still," he rejoined at last. "Pay silver has been struck right here in Carleton."

And, turning his head slightly, he nodded significantly toward the outer regions of the office, where a tall, pale clerk was dictating letters to a bright-eyed, tawny-headed stenographer. "Bertha's insinuated," he chuckled. "Harold—Harold—Harold," and he lingered spitefully upon the name in a fashion that told undying hatred for any copugmen less prosaic than his own. "He came into money just a few days before he came here—"

"And," commented Moker, with his habitual drawl, "you came into him and his money just a few days after he came here. Ah, he does look as though he were from the country. How I admire that dried-timothy shade in hair. Poor fellow! And now his poverty is accentuated by the possession of—how much—"

"Twenty thousand shares of Silver Miss at twenty cents a share," responded Tooson, choking gleefully on

his cigar. "An excellent bargain, an excellent bargain. Risk of loss strictly limited, possibilities of gain absolutely unlimited. The stock may rise to the skies, but there are only twenty points through which it can fall. But," he added, disconsolately, "if it hadn't been for that blamed old panic back in 1907, just after we floated the company down in Toronto, we'd have unloaded the whole thing at forty cents a share, or even more."

The warm interest which Harold Wallace took in his new investment did not surprise the bucket-shop man to whose eye, only a few months before, the pastures of the little city of Carleton had glimmered appealingly green. That Harold should write at once a long letter to the engineer in charge, Harris P. Hawkins, was only natural—and Tooson, surmising an anxious but hopeful query on the young man's part as to recent shipments of ore from Silver Miss, girded up his loins in anticipation of the clerk's wrathful reproaches when Hawkins let fly the inevitable response that to correctly diagnose Silver Miss, one must lay the accent on the "Miss," and not on the "Silver." He was fully prepared for the inevitable, when, a few days later, following the arrival of a thin letter bearing the Hallesbury postmark, the young man's shadow fell athwart his office desk.

"Ah, Wallace," he remarked in dulcet tones. "Anything I can do for you?"

"There's a liar in charge of that mine of ours up in Cobalt," remarked



EVENING CLASS FOR ELECTRICIANS

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

the pale clerk, strenuously. "Hawkins is trying to string me with some sort of fool story that there isn't any silver on it. I've been in Cobalt and I know the mine, and what's more, I know Hawkins' little game, too. He thinks he can freeze me into letting my shares go with his stories about nothing doing. I want a week—a whole week—to go up there and put Hawkins' feet back on the straight and narrow path."

Tonson heard all this with an astounded stare.

"Go, by all means," he muttered, mechanically; and sat for half an hour after like one dazed. When he organized the Silver Miss Mining & Mining Company, Limited, capital \$200,000, in shares of \$1 each, old Ontario, and not new Ontario, presented the real mine he had in prospect. When he unloaded upon Harold the 20,000 shares which the panic of 1907 had left unsold, he thought that the young man dwelt in a realm ruled over by ignorance and bliss. That the pale clerk, knowing Cobalt to his finger tips and actually acquainted with the property itself, had paid twenty cents a share for Silver Miss was a fact possessing a ghastly significance.

Tonson imparted his suspicions to his partner Moker. Moker shared them; likewise his regrets. They both took care to peruse the flood of Cobalt picture post cards with which, during the week of the clerk's absence, the tawny-haired stenographer was deluged. Even the delightful pastime of selling imaginary wheat and fictitious Union Pacific to the gullible country-side which thought it was investing when it was only betting, began to pall before this new interest.

"Maybe we should try to pick up some of the first Silver Miss issue before the buyers have forgotten the story," suggested Moker, in a far-off way.

Tonson froze him with a look. "Wait," he retorted, "till we're sure."

When Harold Wallace returned from Cobalt smiling and cheerful,

Tonson straightway hailed him into his private office and closed the door.

"How are things looking on Silver Miss?" he chirruped joyously, actually laying aside his cigar in an excess of interest.

"They look splen—"

The young man checked his enthusiastic words.

"Fair," he added, with a frown. "I hope you haven't stung me with those shares, but—"

He did not conclude. He had reined up his first sentence just a syllable too late, and the bucket-shop man knew without another word that the young man was now racing away from the truth. But he sympathized judiciously.

"Gad, I hope the thing pans out," he muttered. "I've a lot of my own cash tied up in it, and I don't want to be left in the hole. People say I've got pretty good mining judgment, but—"

Wallace shrugged his shoulders.

"Even the best judgment goes astray now and then," he returned with an air of deep sadness and regret. "How much are you stung on Silver Miss?"

"A thousand shares," lied Tonson. "I'll take them at seventeen," returned the clerk calmly. "May as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb, you know."

He grinned cynically. Tonson declined to sell. After Harold's exit he pondered long. At first he thought of letting Moker in on the ground floor of his suspicions. Then he decided that he wouldn't. Moker's judgment was not always sound, and—well, if there were profitable coups to be undertaken, Tonson preferred to tackle them alone. He might invite his partner in if a loss seemed imminent.

He found Moker bottomholing the inscrutable Harold a few minutes later. Moker, too, he inferred, must suspect. Tonson was glad now that he had let out nothing which might tend to confirm Moker's suspicions.

He kept one eye on the pale clerk and a corner of that eye on Moker.

His surveillance disclosed the fact that Moker, too, was keeping an eye on Harold, and, more than that, on him—Tonson! "Confounded impudence of the man," mused Tonson, and chewed a cigar to pretty small fragments in his smouldering wrath, piled upon which were ponderings over the mysterious circumstance that since his return from Cobalt the young man had not once written to Hawkins.

Tonson mused. Hawkins might have quit, or Harold might have succeeded in summarily deposing him. The end of the bucket-shop man's musings was that he put through a wire to Cobalt, which elicited the information that Hawkins was still in charge of Silver Miss, coupled with the fact—far more astounding—that operations, discontinued many months before when the panic bowled the paper mine over like a ninepin, had been resumed and were being carried on with a secrecy which concealed every particular except the incidental energy involved. Tonson gasped himself white at the prospect thus conjured up. Hawkins just before the panic had asked and been refused a raise in wages. Had Hawkins deliberately avenged himself by running down the mine, concealing promising developments, and driving him—Tonson—to unload at twenty cents shares that might well be worth par?

For three days Tonson puzzled over the fact that the pale clerk no longer wrote to Hawkins. His clue came on the fourth day when he heard Wallace politely ask the tawny-haired stenographer to come down in the evening and take a few letters. Tonson's greasy soul flared up almost to the point of intervention at Bertha's pleased assent—then, sharply, he turned away. As he did so, his eyes met those of Moker. Moker's face in an instant was absolutely bereft of all intelligence, and he chewed at the head of his cane as though that were his sole object in life.

A surreptitious walk past the office that night, involving a long detour, assured him that a light was burning.

Next morning, immediately on reaching the office, he summoned the stenographer.

"Miss Fossett!"

Miss Fossett came. There was a smile in her blue eyes, a note-book unfolded at a clean page in her hand, and a freshly-sharpened pencil jabbed conveniently into her coiffure. In the middle of the third letter the bucket-shop man quite casually interrupted himself.

"By the way, Miss Fossett, did Wallace dictate those letters I told him to last night?"

"About the mine—?"

The girl stopped short, a frightened look flashing into her face as though she had just released from the bag a valuable feline which she was expected to retain there. The broker, chewing delightedly at his cigar, hastened to reassure her.

"Silver Miss," he added. "Wallace and I are both interested, though, since it might otherwise interfere with some big deals I now have on hand, I had all the stock put in Wallace's name."

The girl's face shone with a smile of relief.

"Oh, I'm really so glad," she gushed. "So you know all about it. I was afraid perhaps it was some private matter of his and that he would be angry at me for letting it out—but, of course, since you know, it's all right, isn't it? And do you think it's really going to turn out such a success—?"

Again she stopped short, suspiciously. Tonson, rubbing his hands, prepared to delve further into this mine of gossamer information.

"I really think it is," he declared with mock enthusiasm. "I'm tickled, too, I can tell you, for I'm deeper in Silver Miss than Wallace is, though he knows the property better. He bought those shares of his for a song from some real estate man around here—but now—"

Again he rubbed his hands, and waited. Miss Fossett voiced not the least word that would throw light on

the real situation of affairs at Silver Miss. Tonson almost wept that he had lied so much. It debarred him from open questioning.

"Why I asked," he added, "was, that I believe Wallace overlooked something that I especially wanted him to put into that letter. Just wait a minute."

Concealing his impatience behind a jubilant smile, he finished the letter he had been dictating.

"Now, Miss Fossett, if you'll just bring me the letter-book," he murmured, "I'll run over that letter—"

"Mr. Wallace copied it in his private letter-book," remarked the stenographer innocently. "He keeps it locked in his desk."

Tonson corked his mouth with the cigar just in time to imprison a triumphant and delighted whistle.

"Glad he thought to lock it up," he commented, promptly. "With important business letters, it's always safer. Now, if you'll just read it of from your notes—"

"But Mr. Wallace dictated to me on the typewriter," interrupted the girl. "Told me he was in a hurry and it was a long letter—and it certainly was," she concluded, with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Oh, very well. I'll just speak to Wallace."

And, dismissing the stenographer with a curt bow, he sat grudgingly anatomizing the too-cautious Harold for all time to come. He fathomed Wallace through and through—had done so from the first—and he began now to suspect also the stenographer with the blue eyes and the tawny locks. Big things manifestly, assuredly, undoubtedly, lay beneath the mantle of doubt and disbelief which hitherto had garbed the mysterious Silver Miss.

Nor did the dictation by Wallace during the ensuing week, always after hours, of voluminous letters invariably copied in the private letter book and mailed by the young man with his own hands, tend to alter the bucket-shop man's now settled conviction. His ef-

fects to pump both parties as to the contents of the letters failed signally. "Tight as clams," he commented, convinced beyond question that they were out-and-out allies.

Intervention manifestly was the only way to discover what he wished to know. He dropped into the office quite casually one night. A night visit was something unprecedented in his bucket-shop career. He hoped to surprise the two conspirators in the midst of their dictation. Both were gone. Turning on the lights Tonson wandered aimlessly, disappointedly, to and fro about the deserted office. And then the lights showed him, what he had at first missed, a thin, drab-covered letter-book inscribed with the significant initials: "H. W."

He pounced upon it like an eagle upon a lamb, and instantly was immersed in his neck in wonderful, amazing correspondence. Bonanza, lucky strike, vein of pure silver, untold millions in sight—of these things he read with eyes staring and wide.

And then:

"Hawkins, you must keep this quiet—otherwise, I'll send a certain mining engineer to reside in the cemetery. Don't let a single stranger, not even a book peddler, set foot on that property. Keep mum—mum—MUM. There are 80,000 shares of Silver Miss out, and I mean to corral every cent on which I can lay my fingers. If there's the least leak, if the public just gets a suspicion of what this property really is, the shares will reach par before we know where we're at. Remember, M'see, the slogan of Silver Miss. I've soaked in your thousand, and send you the certificates."

Fearful of Harold's return, the broker galloped his eye over the ensuing letters. All told a like story. More shares had been picked up, shipments were being held back till the coup was complete, Mum with a capital M still continued the slogan.

Within twenty minutes the wire was busy between Carlisford and Toronto, carrying to Cosser & Santrell a query from Jabez Tonson regarding Silver

Miss. "Quiet," came the answer. "Shares seventeen cents." And then, postscript-wise, the significant words: "Another party on warpath."

"Wallace!" ejaculated the broker. "Buy at seventeen," he wired back. Nocturnal visits to the office, as frequent as they were resultless, became a mania with Tonson. Wallace, however, always departing before the bucket-shop man's arrival, locked the books safely in the desk before he left. Time and again the broker was tempted to break the drawer open, but he knew how fatal it would be to alarm Harold's suspicions.

When, one night, he discovered the longed-for volume lying forgotten and neglected on the top of the desk, he stared incredulously at its drab cover, rubbing his eyes for many moments ere he dared believe his luck. Finally, he sat down and eagerly devoured the latest letters.

"Are you playing double?" demanded Wallace in one heated passage, evidently written under stress of temper. "There's a leak somewhere. Other people are getting next to Silver Miss. Is this your doing? I'm doing the job for both—keep yourself out of the game. I've more than money depending on the result of this coup—you know that well. Let me catch you trying to play me double and I'll smash you flatter than a pancake, flatter even than Silver Miss was a few months ago. You can't get control. Don't let that idea eat into your vitals. If this sort of thing continues I'll simply pull the strings of the bag, out pops pussy, and these people I'm working for here and a host of others will jump for Silver Miss and your chance of picking up stock won't be worth a cinder."

"Maybe I'm mistaken. There's not the least doubt, however, that someone else is crowding me for this stock. If you're not the one, then it's a third party. If so, the leak's at Cobalt, not at Carlisford."

Tonson lay back in his chair and chuckled delightedly. Then he realized that Wallace must not be excited.

If Silver Miss continued to climb—it was now 35—Wallace would let the cat out of the bag as he had threatened, tell the whole story of the big strike, and Silver Miss would jump to \$2 in twenty-four hours. Tonson wired Cosser to sell two hundred shares for him at 14.

The shares were snapped up at once and the price climbed to 43 before the day was out.

Then Tonson flung prudence to the winds and went in to buy. "Buy—buy—buy!" he wired Cosser, and Cosser bought. The buying was done quietly and raced along neck and neck with a steady rise in price. The last of his fifty-two thousand three hundred shares Tonson bought at par.

Cosser a couple of days later reported that Silver Miss was absolutely tight. He had bid \$1.10 and found no takers. At \$1.20 the result was the same. Even \$1.50 failed to touch anyone.

"I suppose Wallace has the other forty-thousand odd," chuckled Tonson gleefully. "Well, I wish him joy of his holdings when the time comes for a show-down. He may know rocks and silver, but years truly, Jabez Tonson, knows how to manipulate them."

Even the stenographer's sudden resignation did not phase his good humor. When she announced that she must depart that very day, he told Wallace to pay over her wages to the minute and mechanically telephoned the Carlisford Commercial Academy to send down a successor.

Force of habit rather than need—for need no longer existed—led him to drop into the office late that night, and his heart-thumps at sight of the drab letter-book with Wallace's initials merely echoed those of other evenings when the incident meant far more than it did not. Still, knowledge meant power; and he thirsted for any knowledge the book had to impart concerning Silver Miss. He hurriedly turned over the flimsy pages, catching a word here or there. Ten-strike, bonanza, silver unlimited, these

items were followed by strenuous warnings to Hawkins that Mum with a capital M was the slogan—then again ensuing sharp accusations of bad faith, climaxing with the deliberate, out-and-out charge that the manager was playing double.

Tonson heard a key click in the lock. Choking down an exultant chuckle, he hurriedly jammed the tell-tale book into a drawer of the desk. Control of the mine he unquestionably had, but the fact was one he would prefer to impart to Wallace over the long-distance telephone. Wallace possessed an excitable temper, and, despite his pallor, a goodly supply of muscle. A fat man who smoked cigars in a bucket-shop office all day would have no chance with him if caught with the goods.

In his haste to close the drawer, the book became wedged tightly in plain view. Tonson could not push the drawer further in, neither could he tug it out. He wrestled with it, the perspiration rolling in streams down his fat, pudgy face. His nervousness rendered his struggle all the more unavailing. Realizing this, he halted, panting, and, trying to calm himself, swabbed a big handkerchief over his sweat-bedewed brow. As he did so, a hand fell sharply upon his shoulder. He turned quickly, a shiver coursing through him from head to foot. Instead of the hot-tempered Wallace, he found himself cowering and shrinking beneath the angry gaze of his partner, Moker.

"You!" ejaculated each simultaneously, and hostility, smouldering beneath the surface these many suspicious days, now blazed into open and defiant hate.

"Why the devil are you mousing around my office at night?" roared Tonson, with a wrathful choke.

"Ah — meandering thoughtlessly through my confidential clerk's private letter-book, I perceive," commented the sneering Moker.

"You skunk?" puffed the fat broker wrathfully.

"Alas, my poor brother!" paraphrased his thinner and more soft-spoken comrade.

They glowered at each other, itching for another glimpse at the contents of the letter-book, Tonson waited wrathfully for Moker to depart. Moker, smiling icily, waited also. Ten long minutes dragged past. Then Tonson's curiosity conquered. Still, with one angry eye on his partner, by dint of a mighty tug that jarred the old desk almost to fragments, he wrenched loose the drawer, and, snatching up the book, turned mechanically to the last written page. Moker, edging around, tried to peer over his shoulder. Tonson barked angrily away. Moker patiently accommodated himself to the changed position. Tonson surrendered, and, giving his companion no further heed, hurriedly ran his eye over the pale, blurred lines on the sheet before him.

My Dear Hawkins:

Congratulate me. I am to be wedded this afternoon to the dearest little girl in the whole wide world. You know who—there is only one girl answering this description. In our confidential correspondence I have referred to her quite often—Miss Fossett, till to-day sharing my unfortunate imprisonment in this den of thieves. We would have been married earlier, immediately I joined Tonson & Moker's banditti, but unfortunately my money was all tied up in Silver Miss. During the past few weeks, however, owing to the growing demand on the Toronto market, my holdings, like yours, have steadily diminished, and my Toronto people this morning reluctantly parted with the last shares to Cossor & Santrell, who are buying for some out-of-town suckers.

Thanks for your noble, though selfish, exemplification of that splendid slogan "MUM." Instead of losing my

\$4,000, I clear a little more than that, which, especially on the eve of a wedding tour, isn't to be despised.

I am leaving this place in an hour or so, as I have reason to believe that some foolish plunging in worthless Cobalt stocks is liable to involve the firm in a resounding financial crash.

Hope your relations with the new controlling interests of Silver Miss will be as cordial as ours have been.

Sincerely yours,

H. WALLACE.

P. S.—Try and induce the new owners to take a short cut for that fabulous streak of pay silver by attacking Silver Miss from the South Sea side of the globe.

W.

"But who the deuce bought the other forty thousand odd shares?" growled Tonson, gulping hard.

"Ah—I wonder what urban greenhorn allowed this young fiend to unload the remaining fifty thousand odd upon him?" murmured Moker, in a pained tone.

"You did!"

"You did!"

"We did," chorused the twain, and, sinking nervously into their respective chairs, they stared blankly at one another through the dissolving panorama, their mutual imaginations without difficulty conjured up of a busted, bankrupt bucket shop which Carlsford would know no more.

Money

THE making of money is the common lot; and, thought rough and harsh and severe, it is for the most part blessedly healthy, stiffening, widening, and enriching, and it provides the common foundations indispensable to all character-building — foundations on which some of the loveliest types of man and womanhood the world has seen have been erected. And that is not all. Money is a handmaid of virtue, and under its softening influence many a man has developed strange, beauteous, fragrant forms of character, which neither he nor the world ever dreamed he had in him. Money is a great elevator, easier-out of ignorance, coarseness, and stupidity. Money is a wonderful sensitiser, giving a new delicacy and gentleness, and producing high susceptibility to sympathetic impulses. Money is a great civiliser, a great socialiser, a great educator, a great inventor—in fact, a

mighty earthly saviour. Oh, if we only knew it! if we only understood! If our power to use money were only equal to its abundance, what a paradise could we bring again to this poor earth! What wrongs could be righted, what misery and pain and darkness done away! and how soon might this weary, struggling, heat-broken race of man go swinging in his planet through space, the happiest thing that God has made!

Fly, happy sails, and bear the press;

Fly, happy with the mission of the cross,

Kiss land to land, and, blowing heavenward,

Enrich the markets of the Golden Year.

—John Ackworth.

Some University Heads



McGILL

William Peterson, M.A., LL.D., C.M.G., Principal of McGill University, is a native of the Scottish capital, where he was born in 1858. He has had a distinguished academic career. Educated at the Edinburgh High School and the University of Edinburgh, he graduated in 1875 with high honors in classics. He subsequently studied at the University of Göttingen, and in 1876 won a scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. For two years he was Assistant Professor of Humanity at Edinburgh. Thereafter he held the position of Principal of University College, Dundee, until in May, 1895, he was chosen to succeed Sir J. W. Dawson at McGill.



TORONTO

Robert Alexander Falconer, B.A., M.A., B.D., D.Litt., D.D., LL.D., President of the University of Toronto, is a Prince Edward Islander, a native of Charlottetown, born in the year which witnessed the Confederation of the Canadian provinces. His early education was secured at Queen's Royal School, Trinidad, where he won the Gilchrist Scholarship, taking him to the University of Edinburgh. On the completion of his course he took post-graduate work at Leipzig, Berlin and Marburg, and in 1896 was appointed Lecturer in New Testament Greek in Pine Hill College, Halifax. In 1904 he became Principal of the College. His appointment to the presidency of Toronto was made in June, 1907.

Some University Heads



QUEEN'S

The Very Reverend Daniel Miner Gordon, M.A., B.D., D.D., LL.D., Principal of Queen's University, Kingston, was born in 1845 in Pictou, Nova Scotia, and for the greater part of his life has been actively engaged in the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, holding charges successively in Ottawa, Winnipeg and Halifax. He was educated at Pictou Academy, at the University of Glasgow, and at the University of Berlin. In 1867 he was appointed Professor of Systematic Theology in the Presbyterian College, Halifax, while in 1903 he succeeded the late Principal Grant as head of Queen's University. He had much to do with pioneer work in western Canada.



DALHOUSIE

The Rev. John Forrest, B.D., D.C.L., LL.D., President of Dalhousie University, Halifax, was born in New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, in 1842, and was educated at Truro and Halifax. In 1866 he was ordained to the Presbyterian ministry, taking charge of St. John's Church, Halifax. While occupying this position, he was called to a chair in Dalhousie College. On the death of Dr. Ross, in 1885, he succeeded him as Principal. He still occupies the chair of History and Political Economy in the University, in addition to his duties as President. Dalhousie University, while attended mainly by Presbyterians, is not connected with that church and is practically the only non-denominational college in Nova Scotia.

Some University Heads



ACADIA

The Rev. George B. Cutten, M.A., B.D., Ph.D., Principal of Acadia University, Wolfville, Nova Scotia, the centre of learning for the Baptists of the province by the sea, is a native of Amherst, born there in 1874. He graduated from Acadia in 1896, and proceeded to Yale, where he took successively the degrees of B.A., M.A., Ph.D. and B.D. While at Yale he made a name for himself as one of the greatest centres in the history of Yale's football team. Subsequently he was engaged in pastoral work in New Haven, Corning, N.Y., and Columbus, Ohio. His appointment to the presidency of his Alma Mater was made in 1908. He is probably the youngest university president in Canada, being only thirty-five years of age.



KING'S

The Rev. Canon T. W. Powell, who has but recently been appointed President and Vice-Chancellor of King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, was born in Thornbury, Grey County, Ontario, in 1868. Educated in Port Eglis and Kincardine, he taught school in Bruce County for four years, and then attended Trinity University, Toronto, completing the divinity course in 1893. His work from then until the present time has been connected with the Parish of St. Clement's in Eglington, he being the first rector. He now becomes the head of the oldest University in the Dominion, for King's College was granted a royal charter prior to revolutionary days, and was originally established in what is now the United States.

Some University Heads



ALBERTA

The Rev. Henry Marshall Terry, M.A., B.D., D.Sc., LL.D., President of the new University of Alberta, at Strathcona, is a Nova Scotian, furnishing yet another example of the fact that the Provinces are doing for education in the Dominion. He was educated in the east and entered the Methodist ministry in 1889, being ordained by the Nova Scotia Conference in 1893. He subsequently became a member of the Montreal Conference, and in the year of his ordination accepted a position as lecturer at McGill University. Ever since that time he has been associated with university work, thus fitting himself for the arduous task of placing the new Alberta University on a sound footing. His appointment to the presidency was made in 1907.



NEW BRUNSWICK

Cecil C. Jones, B.A., Ph.D., LL.D., Chancellor, Chairman of the Faculty and Professor of Mathematics of the University of New Brunswick, is one of the youngest heads of universities in the Dominion. He is a native of the province, in which his sphere of labor now lies, and is a graduate of the university, over the destiny of which he presides. Subsequently he studied at Harvard University, securing a B.A. degree from that famous college. He was then selected as lecturer in mathematics at Acadia University, becoming, after two years, professor of mathematics and adding to his duties those of registrar. Five years ago, when the Chancellorship of New Brunswick became vacant, he was chosen for this important position.

Some University Heads



BISHOP'S

The Rev. Richard Arthur Parrook, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L., Principal of Bishop's College, and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Que., is an Englishman, a native of Shrewsbury, where he was born in 1860. He was educated at Shrewsbury School and at Pembroke College, Cambridge. Coming to Canada in 1898, he was for a time Chaplain to the Bishop of Ontario. In 1895 he became Professor of Classics at Bishop's College, and in 1907 he was chosen Principal. He also holds the office of Chairman of the College Council. Bishop's College is one of the most picturesque of Canadian colleges, resembling in many respects the seats of learning of the Old Land.



WESTERN

Nathaniel C. James, M.A., Ph.D., President of Western University, London, is an Ontario man, a native of Clayton, Lanark County, where he was born in 1860. He received his education at Collingwood Collegiate Institute, proceeding from there to the University of Toronto, from which he graduated in 1883 with honors in modern languages. He took a post-graduate course at the University of Halle, Germany, and also attended lectures in Chicago. In 1896 he was appointed to the chair of modern languages in Western University, a department over which he still presides. Western University fills much the same position in western Ontario, as Queen's University does in eastern Ontario, and embraces both an arts and medical faculty.

University Education for the People

By

F. J. Arrowsmith.

"TO prepare us for complete living is the function which education has to discharge." This principle, as laid down by Spencer, is certainly followed, in its modern interpretation, by Canadian universities. The great seats of learning in Europe, hoary with antiquity and crammed with history, may evolve the classical and philosophical savants, whose researches and writings enrich posterity, but the young foundations of this country, if they are behind in these studies, aim to, and do, produce those practical men, whose brains and hands working in complete harmony best equip them for their country's needs.

Carefully directed on utilitarian lines the chief desire of the colleges, at present, is to fashion those men who are most capable of developing the manifold mineral and industrial resources of the Dominion. It is the worker that Canada wants, not the profound thinker—the latter will come in time. Not that classical and philosophical studies are ignored by any means, but at this stage of progress the engineer, the mining expert, and the doctor are of primary importance.

Canada stands out prominently in these utilitarian efforts. She may lack the tone of the older foundations, she may not have the large research and graduation schools, but she is well to the fore in the way she produces the men that are wanted by the country.

"Can I afford to send my son to college?" is the question that a good many men ask themselves, and without going seriously into the matter of ways and means, and finding out from

the various colleges what a course will really cost, they decide off hand in the negative. But a careful inquiry into the facts of the case would surprise a large majority of these hasty ones. Theoretically, expense is a matter of value. If we get a fair return for money spent, the monetary outlay cannot be termed expensive. Practically, in the case of limited incomes, a thing can be expensive even though the result to be attained is of very decided value. But many a man, who throws down the idea of a university education for his son as being too expensive, would be surprised to learn that the cost is approximately around \$500 for some courses while others such as applied science cost from \$600 to \$700 and upwards. How much pinching would this mean to many men who decide that the university is above their means.

The universities themselves are to a certain extent to blame for this state of the public mind. The average man is not an investigator, except where his bread and butter is concerned, and the university which waits for the fathers of Young Canada to come to it for information, which should by rights be given before it is asked for, is in much the same position as Mahomet, waiting for the mountain to come to him. Like Mahomet, the university should decide at once to go to the mountain and, by publishing abroad what it is prepared to do and what it will cost to do it, make the public aware of the advantages and coincident expense of a university course.

As a rule it is the very poor man who encourages the idea of his boy going through college. Railway operatives, for instance, are largely represented, through their sons, in the universities of Canada. Their own work shows them the great difference between the mechanic and the engineer, between the unskilled man and the skilled one. They know by personal experience the disadvantages under which the former work, and who draws the biggest salary and takes the greater part in the affairs of the corporation concerned. And so they instil into their sons the value of the higher training. They pinch and screw to bring the result about and although the whole amount may not be forthcoming, there is enough to start on. It is up to the boys to find the rest by working during vacation and spare time. The colleges do their best to encourage this spirit.

Naturally the cost of university training does not get lighter. The growth of the population, the higher cost of living, the development of the scope of the universities making them more valuable to the country but yet demanding more outlay, all combine to make the cost of education higher. No institution is self supporting. Were any one to depend upon its fees it would soon be bankrupt, and out of business. So that in every way it is extremely difficult for the corporation of a college to keep the cost down, and at the same time afford extra opportunities for the capable and ambitious lads of the country to avail themselves of an education that will mean so much to them, and so much to Canada.

Still, despite the lack of funds, the expense is kept down as closely as possible, and added to this there are scholarships which, considering the circumstances are very good, amounting in the case of McGill, for instance, to some \$7,000 or \$8,000. The university corporations are undoubtedly doing the best they can, but it is the parent and the boy himself who must carry the thing through.

It is the man with the fair average income, the city man who keeps up a certain position, who seems mostly at fault in this matter of university education. It is this man who throws down the proposition on the plea of expense, and who is content to see his son go into an office and join the already overburdened ranks of those who have not learned the happy combination of using both hands and brain in the most skilful fashion. True that a great career may await the young man who enters commercial life, but the ranks are very crowded, and the country is in greater need, just at present, of the men with the mechanical training.

Give your lads a chance, you men in the cities. Deny yourselves some extravagances that probably fashion, or the ways of your neighbors, impose upon you. Where there is a will there is a way, and self denials endured by a man who is striving to perfect this sons' education, and to fit him to take an active part in the development of a great country, are more than compensated for, by the results attained. When the books of the universities are examined, and the status, according to the character of the employment, of the fathers of the boys entered noted, one is surprised at the results shown.

Education is the prop by which a country advances. One has but to turn to Germany to see what higher education can do for a country, and Canada offers much greater natural opportunities for the employment of skilled minds and hands.

The status of the training is being raised year by year. The level of the general schools is steadily improved by the raising of matriculation standard. Canada has some way to go in this respect before she reaches the standard set across the Atlantic, but she is steadily advancing. The leading universities of Canada are on a level with the leading colleges in the States, in some studies they are as advanced as the great European universities. Canada is rapidly making up the leeway where it exists.

The Shrewdness of Pete

A British Columbia Stage Driver's Yarn

George S. B. Perry

"FIRST I noted of Pete was when this here Town of Penechee was laid out in town lots, time the C. P. R. built the branch line eight years ago. Pete is an 'old-timer' here, though he ain't stayed here stiddy. Fact is none of us hez much, 'cept them as went out to a lot in the cemetery on the edge of the townsite. Pete was one of the first to locate when the surveyors pulled their camp and the C. P. R. agent begun to sell lots. He was 'just tradin'' if you asked what line o' business he was in. But bye and bye when one and another came in and decided to locate and bought a lot in the new townsite, and started out to build, they found Pete was there first. Most every one, whether it was to build a store or a hotel or a blacksmith shop on the main street, or a house, would decide they would like two lots. Then they would come back to the C. P. R. agent and 'low they'd take the lot next the one they bought last week.' Every time they would find it was sold. Didn't matter which side of them, always same story—'That lot's been sold some time ago.' Come to find out, after searching the titles every blame time, that next lot would be owned by Pete Chase, duly registered and all. After a while, when a few got to comparin' notes, they found Pete had bought every other lot in the hull townsite—and most of the corners into the bargain. Guess it was all on the square though, for he had to put up the C. P. R. price every time.

"Where Pete came out though was when you'd go to him and ask him what he wanted for that lot next yours. Every time it was just twice what the original price was. And ninety-nine times out of a hundred you paid it, too, fer you had to have the lot and there was no other choice. One time I took 'leven of them lots over from Pete on a trade, and dash't if he hadn't it in the agreement that I was to sell them at the same price as he did. Wasn't going' to let his game be spoiled.

"Three years ago Pete went over on the new branch, where another town was just bein' platted—Hardwest, or some such name. Darned if he did not come the very same game there. Made good, too, they say.

"Oh, Pete was shrewd.

"One time, when the Brinkle Brothers got hard up they offered to sell out their lively stable business. Business was bad. They had more expense than I had and I know it was all I could do to pull along. Pete dropped in casual one day and Hank Brinkle begun telling how he'd like to sell and how little he wanted for the whole outfit just as it stood. Pete never let on, but he had been lookin' it up and knew to a cent what the outfit would bring at forced sale. He knew, too, how much they owed, and had made sure they had given no mortgages to secure any of the debts. So when Hank said at last he'd give everything as it stood to the first man that come along with twenty-five hundred dol-

lars, and would be glad to put on his coat and walk out. He hadn't hardly said it when Pete said slow and quiet—"That's a sale. Here's a hundred to bind the bargain. Come on over to Cal. Reid's law office and fix up the papers and I'll pay over the rest of the cash." Pretty nigh tuk Hank's breath, but the stableman was settin' there, and Hank knew Pete could hold him. So it was a sale all right.

"In three days Pete went to the Widder Perkins, who had just got five thousand life insurance on her old man wint died two months before. Pete persuaded the widder to take a half interest in the livery business at twenty-five hundred, and to make her feel sure, he offers her a first mortgage on the whole shebang, stable, horses and all. In the meantime, though, he had sold four of the best horses in the place for five hundred cash. He had no mind to settle down at the livery business and I knowed it, but I'd hev ben scared to hev him for opposition stiddy, he was such a shrewd feller. 'Twan't six weeks before along come an Englishman, horsey chap, right from 'ome,' and Pete sells him the hull outfit as a goin' concern for six thousand dollars. And he got it all cash, too. But he wusn't through yet. He went to his pardner, the Widder Perkins, and persuades her that she was all right to leave her half as mortgage on the business drawin' seven per cent. Then he sells a bunch of wild brochons to the Englishman, to set up a sales stable department along with the livery, and he had bought them ponies down on the Blood Reservation, south of Calgary, for ten dollars a head. So he cleaned up nine thousand in less than two months, and all it cost him outside his nerve, was them ponies that stood him not more than three hundred all told.

"Oh, Pete was shrewd.

"Pete's shrewdness cost me eight hundred that same fall. A new guy that came up from l-oway to start a lunch counter in Penechee used to drop in to see me and after a while he

got kind of friendly. He put me next to a pacie' mare that had a private trial mark of 2.30. The feller that owned her got religion, or somethin', and wouldn't race her. Wouldn't sell her to any one round there either, fear they'd race her and people would say he was in on it. So I made a special trip down and bought her up cheap. I took a hull express palace hos-car to fetch her far as Calgary—then shifted her to an ordinary box car and fetched her up to Penechee. I drove her round a few weeks, sayin' nothin', but waitin' my chance to make a good turn with her. One day I drove past the other livery barn Pete had sold, and he was standin' there. He hailed me and asked me how the mare was comin' on. I 'lowed I'd get her broke into beln' a pretty fair livery single driver before long if I had no bad luck. Pete says kind of casual: 'How'd you trade?' I laughed and said he hadn't nothin' that I'd swap. 'Well,' he says, 'take your pick of anything in that stable and say what you'll do.' I hed no notion o' tradin', but I did not want any one to catch on to my dark horse, so I gets out, walks into the barn, takes a look and says I'd pick the dark bay gelding in the third stall, but I wouldn't take less than fifty dollars to boot. I hadn't no sooner said it, than he throws fifty dollars in bills into my buggy—didn't even wait to hand it to me. 'You've traded horses,' said he, in that slow drawl o' his. 'On-hitch.' Well, there was three or four fellers standin' round, and I knowed he had me. So I unhitches and goes in to bring out my new horse. He was a fine horse from the rear, all right, but he was stone blind. Pete traded my pacie' mare for a quarter-section o' good land and a yoke of cattle throwed in for boot. But he ain't never giv' me a chance to trade with him again. Guess he knows I'm waitin'.

"Oh, Pete's shrewd.

"In the early days Pete was partners in the butcher business here with old man Pedderbank. They quarrelled like cat and dog, or like they was mar-

ried, till at last Pete sold out his half to Bill McKay, who hed just proved up on his homestead, and raised a loan of twelve hundred. Pete got hold of him before he hed a chance to blow the coin. Well, pretty soon Bill was quarrellin' as bad with old Pedderbank as Pete had. But they had drawed up papers when he bought in, Bill insistin' on bevin' it all done legal, and there was a clause that each pardner hed to give the other first chance to buy him out. Old Pedderbank would neither refuse nor take Bill up, so one day Bill was tellin' his troubles to Pete. 'How much will you give me to sell your half?' says Pete. Bill said he'd give fifty dollars, and named the price he asked. 'Here's five on the bargain. You've got,' says Pete. 'Come on and let's get the transfer drawed this evenin'.' And mind you, say not a word to Pedderbank! Bill promised, so next mornin' first thing, Pete shows up at the butcher shop with new apron and overalls. He walks in, puts on the things, looks round and remarks:

'Guess we'll put that quarter o' beef in the back shop—beginnin' to look kind o' black.' Old Pedderbank growls that Pete better get out the front shop while he knows he's in good health, but Pete says he 'lows as a pardner has a right to stay in the shop. Then old Pedderbank saw Pete hed bought Bill out. All that mornin' Pete worked away sayin' not a word, and old Pedderbank sulked away, trying to figure out how to get rid o' him. Bye and bye he says, 'What do you want on your bargain?' knowin' pretty well what Bill would sell for. Pete added a hundred over what Bill's gross price had been. Pedderbank hated Pete so bad that he took him up at once. So between findin' a buyer for Bill and sellin' to Pedderbank, Pete cleared a hundred and fifty in twenty-four hours.

"Yes, Pete was shrewd, all right.

"Well, there's your town, and you're here plenty of time to catch the Limited. Hope to drive you over next time you come through this way. Good day stranger."

All That is Required of Us

Great Thoughts

Do you not know that all that is required of you is to do what you can, though you fall of perfecting your work here? Life is too large, too wonderful a thing to be compassed in a few short years. Such great things to be accomplished and so little time—but it is as honorable to leave a good work but partly done as it would be to be able to stamp it "finished," if we have been faithful in our efforts until the working days ended.

It is not how much we have done—

but how well we have done it, that counts, and no work well done should ever cause us discouragement, no matter if it seems incomplete, for, after all, no good thing exists but will find its perfection in that other life, where there will be no heartaches over disappointments—no weary hands, no lagging feet to take up the daily round for the workers will be immortal, and the ranks will never be thinned, because one by one they fall by the way.



"IF YOU WERE TO TAKE SOME OF THESE SHOVELS AND GRIND OFF THE CORNERS SO AS WE COULD SCREW THE IRON INTO THE SHOVEL EASIER, WE COULD DO MORE."

Among the Inventors

By

Frank H. Dobbin

Illustrated by Stan Murray

THE study of inventors and their inventions is interesting. In no field of human endeavor and experiment do we find energy and work expended with such earnestness and hope of reward as in the devising of things to do things, to accomplish much through little effort. To bring to our use processes, machines, devices, with the object of lessening human labor and of accomplishing infinitely larger work in shorter time. There is the prospect—ever dancing before the eyes of the inventor—of reward. His work parallels the eager search of the gold or silver miner for a pay streak or successful lead. Occa-

sionally—very seldom in proportion to the number of inventions made—is there tangible remuneration; too often loss and disappointment. For by now so well has the range of effort been covered that most inventors are really re-inventors, old ideas brought in by new people, for the past never bequeaths to posterity all the past has seen.

When I attend service of a Sunday morning, and place my new stiff hat underneath the seat of the pew in which I am sitting, I am followed with the painful reflection that the fellow in the pew behind may kick it. If I place it under the seat of the pew in

front, then am I bothered with the anticipation that in a moment of forgetfulness I may kick it myself. Now, what is a poor man to do? I questioned a friend, one day, and had the reply that the judicious thing was to wear a cloth cap and sit on it. But growing out of the conviction, hammered in by experience of most men, that once one lays down his hat in a public place it is a matter of uncertainty to find it again, we have that neat and serviceable invention, the wire hat rack. This is found underneath the seat at the theatre. It holds a hat securely. It fills the bill, and the man that devised it is in receipt of a very fine income from royalties for manufacture of the device.

Inventions may be roughly classed, so far as their inception is concerned, under three or four heads. Those that have come up seemingly as a matter of inspiration. There are many such. Others that are the outcome of long and patient study and effort to better a set of conditions. Still another range, not so much invention as development and improvement. Still a fourth, which includes several processes or inventions combined to produce a given result. Probably more inventions that prove to be of service have been produced in an earnest desire to better conditions than have appeared as the result of casual effort. no matter how brilliant many of these conceptions seem to be. The story of invention has many instances, that seem contradictory, and which seem to show that brilliancy of conception, or patient investigation, plodding industry or flagrant plagiarism may have been the moving factor. Let us look at a few.

Eighty-eight years ago a number of men were at work on the roadbed of a line of railway being laid down between Birmingham and Manchester. They were cutting through a hill, and moving the material in the good old English way by loosening it with picks, shovelling into barrows and wheeling away. The shovel in use was of the shape known years ago as

an Irish shovel—used for bog digging, the blade narrow, a matter of fifteen inches long and with a straight handle. The sub-contractor in charge of the gang came along and pitched into the men for not making more of a show on the work. One of the men said, "If you was to take some of these shovels and grind off the corners so as we could shove 'em into the stuff easier we could do more." "And if you," said the foreman, "will put a little more muscle into the handle you'll move the stuff fast enough." The shovels were not rounded on the corners. That would have been an expense, and, anyway, there was no precedent for so doing. When you wish to jerk an Englishman off a beaten path he always wants to consult the authorities.

But the navy was a thoughtful man. When the job was finished he went to a friend of his in Sheffield and laid the suggestion before him. The friend had, in his turn, a friend who was in the way of making picks and spades and such ironmongery. He looked him up and together they considered the idea. The ironmonger said he would make a dozen or so as an experiment. The blade was shortened and given a dishd form. The corners moulded into a sort of oval outline, pretty much as we now see the shovel made. The handle was shortened and a hand grip put on, and the handle curved. The manufacturer offered the lot to a contractor with whom he had business dealings in the way of such tools, the contractor agreeing to put the shovels in the hands of his men and report results. He admitted he had his doubts, for the Englishman, be he boss or workman, is conservative and hates changes.

About a week after the contractor came back. He had something on his mind. "Say," said he, "how many more of those shovels can you give me? My men are fairly quarrelling over who shall have one. Some get onto the work fifteen minutes ahead of time to be first when the tool box

is opened. Give us more, or we'll have a fight." Five dozen were put in hand and delivered. Seeing something doing, a patent was secured and a tripartite agreement made of the navy, the manufacturer and the contractor. When the man who made the suggestion died he left an estate valued at over £65,000, the proceeds from royalties on the manufacture of shovels using the patent. Under which of the four classes will this invention be registered?

I had the pleasure of turning over the first practical sewing machine made on the American continent, that of Elias Howe, and the one on which he based his patents. Howe was not really the first to essay invention in this field. Stowe & Herson, in 1804, had made a machine for sewing and had devised an arrangement of two pairs of pincers, one above and one below the cloth, that pushed and pulled the needle and thread through. Hellman's machine, of 1834, was of somewhat similar construction, but had the eye of the needle in the middle. In France some progress had been made during the forties, but nothing positive. Further on, when Howe was harassed by law-suits in endeavor to overthrow his patents all sorts of claims were brought to light. But his success was based on his patent of 1841.

Howe had worked long and patiently over the idea of mechanical sewing, and had devised a mechanism that would, while the material was held upright, pass with a series of pincers, the needle, release the grip on one side and take it up again on the other, after turning the needle around. It made a practical stitch, but very slowly. While sitting at the kitchen table, after supper, and studying over the problem, he watched his wife, who was darning stockings with a blunt needle, pass the yarn through the web of the stocking with the eye of the needle first, carrying the wool. He remarked to his wife that with loose goods that was possible. And with woman's wit she at once said,

"Lias, I do believe that if you had the eye of your needle at the point you could make that contraption work some easier." That suggestion was the key-note of the practical sewing machine. Howe worked it out, and contrived, further on, some such arrangement as the weaving shuttle, which carried a second thread and bound the first in place. His first machine gave the form of stitch known as the "chain stitch," which had the defect that if the end of the thread was not fastened the sewing was likely to come undone. Indeed, for years after the coming in of the chain-stitch machines, which were sold about the country, schoolboys who saw a loose thread hanging around a lad's garment would catch hold and pull, and the sleeve would come off or the collar come away. Howe owed the practical basis of his ultimate success to the suggestion of his wife.

Nearly a score of years ago the army transport department of the United States gave an order for a large number of coverings for ammunition wagons, supplies' carriages, etc. The coverings were to be supplied under a pretty rigid contract. They should be waterproof, flexible, durable, and, an important point, readily attached, stay on under any condition of service and be easily removed. The contractors undertook to fill the bill. The material was a waterproof canvas or duck, and seemed to promise to meet the conditions. The matter of a fastening that would go on, stay put and come off readily proved perplexing. The inspector wouldn't accept anything that had special machinery about it. He said they wanted simplicity with efficiency, about two per cent. of each and of both. Buttons, thumbscrews, patent catches of all kinds were offered and rejected. Ropes, loops and snaps were barred. Finally the contractors approached a firm making hooks and eyes and such supplies as used in the manufacture of corsets, and asked to have the resources of the firm turned loose on the problem. "Nothing easier," said



"DO BELIEVE WHAT I SAY AND THE EYE OF YOUR NEEDLE AT THE POINT, YOU COULD MAKE THAT CONTRAPTION WORK SOME EASIER."

the manager. "We'll make you up some real big stout hooks and eyes. Women have used hooks and eyes ever since the days of Helen of Troy, and what suits the women of this great and glorious country ought to suit its Government."

The hooks were made and put on a cover. In fact, so sure were the contractors that they finished up a batch. One cover was put on a wagon that stood in the factory yard, and was applied so easily and looked so secure that the detail was assumed the be out of hand. They rolled the wagon down to the inspector. It being in the cool of the evening and rather dark, that functionary said to let it stand until morning. It so stood, unfortunately. During the night a heavy rain set in. The goods of the cover, while waterproof, were not damp-proof as well. In the morning when the inspector set about inspecting, the cover was gulled up so tight and firm that they could not unhook it. In fact, it could not be pried off. It would neither stretch nor give and had to be cut off. Then the hooks were put on, allowing plenty of room for contraction, but when the wagon

was driven at a lively pace the hooks came undone and the cover flapped off in several places. Evidently the glorified hook and eye was a failure.

Several changes were made in the proportions of the hook, with little, if any, success, and the superintendent, bothered with the problem, came to the manager, and laying on his desk a handful, remarked that there were a few of the last lot, and they were of little use. Half an hour afterwards, the manager, turning over the books, thought that the tongue was too long, anyway. Having been a mechanic before he became a manager, he kept in his desk a few small tools. Taking from a drawer a cold chisel and hammer, he walked to the safe, and laying down the hook, gave it two or three blows, using the chisel to cut through the steel. Before he succeeded in so doing, the telephone bell rang. Dropping the matter in hand, he answered the call, found he had to go down to the city, threw the hook on his desk and went away.

Returning in the afternoon he was presently waited on by the superintendent, all smiles and cheerfulness. "You fixed the hook fine, Mr. Murchi-



"TAKING FROM A BEATER A GOLD CHISEL AND HAMMER, HE WALKED TO THE SAFE AND, LAYING DOWN THE HOOK, GAVE IT TWO OR THREE BUSES."

son. It works to beat the band. Exactly what was needed. It's simply great. Hook's up easily, holds securely, and as far as we've tried, won't jar loose. We've given it a pretty good test, and they tell us to go ahead and rush 'em out."

The manager was nonplussed. He said he only tried to cut an inch or so off the book, and failed at that. It developed that in his hammering he had beaten down the tongue, forming a bulge, which allowed the eye to slip past and yet prevented it coming undone. That was the genesis of the famous hook and eye, presently afterward put on the market and exploited under the advertising caption, "See that Hump."

The annals of invention are full of

instances which show that some process, enshrined in a theory, and which when worked out in practice lacked some small essential of being completely successful. Treatment would go along up to a certain point, then came uncertainty. And it would remain for some suggestion to come, often made by one wholly apart from the business in hand to complete the process and supply the missing link. The cutting of rubber, by knives in machines, was done with difficulty until some one suggested flowing a stream of water over the knives and rubber, and the thing became easy. It is related that the great Bessemer, after he had invented and put in manufacture, his process for making steel, was never able to guarantee the product turned out from day to day. It was all steel, but of varying degrees of hardness. What was wanted, as much as anything, was a

steel of given quality and without this the new process that was revolutionizing the iron trade lacked stability.

Walking through the works one day with his son, a boy home from Eton, he explained to the lad what they were doing. As the huge converter was turned over on its trunnions and the stream of flame and sparks fired out of the mouth, he said they were blowing air into the pot to burn out the sulphur in the ore, and the carbon as well. But they did not want to burn out all the carbon, and could only tell about so much carbon to leave in by the color of the flame. It was a matter of judgment, often at fault. "Well, father," said the boy, "why don't you blow it all out and then put back as much carbon as you want." That set-

tled it. It had remained for a boy to walk into a factory and put the finishing touch on a problem that had taxed the best skill and oldest men in the business.

Go into any large department store and find your way to the notions counter and household goods section. There laid out in alluring display is what might be termed the whole gamut of invention in its relation to household uses. The inventor fairly runs amuck in the fertility with which he produces such as these. Apple parers, pancake turners, corn poppers, egg beaters, sink cleaners, dough mixers, and the thousand contrivances we know so well. It seems to be an evidence of human frailty, of the easiness of human nature, that we are willing so long as the cost be moderate to buy anything that promises to do something for us a little quicker and a little easier than we have had it done. We buy hopefully, take home confidently, use tentatively, and three weeks afterwards find them hung on nails in the woodshed. Of can-openers, that fiendish tool that mutilates the top of the can while you spill the fluid contents on the tablecloth, and the wife of your heart stands about and says, "I just told you to get a paper under that"—of can-openers, nearly one-hundred and eighty-five distinct varieties have been perpetrated and patented and more coming on. The householder who has gone down-town of a winter morning neglecting to stoke up the furnace fire, and feeling guilty and remorseful, desires to take with him a peace offering. He hies to the bargain counter, and getting home, hauls from his pocket a contraption of glittering tin with a red handle. He proffers it to the lady of the house, calling attention to what he has brought. The lady of the house, with her hands in the pastry, glances over her shoulder with that air of incredulity which we all recognize—and respect—for she distrusts the Greeks bearing gifts, and says, "Another pie-trimmer, I've three already." "But, my dear," is the re-

joinder, "this is the very latest improvement. See, it not only trims off the fringe of paste, but this cute little lettered wheel prints the legend, 'Honesty is the best policy, we've tried both.'"

The records of the United States Patent Office indicate that the number of patents granted since that record was opened is fast approaching the million mark. Thousands of inventions are attempted, worked at, perfected to some extent, and patented by those in ignorance of the fact that dozens of devices covering almost exactly the same ground and for identically the same purpose have been put forward. Enquiry would reveal these facts—but the inventor never enquires. He distrusts even intimate friends and keeps his idea secret as far as possible until he has secured his patent. Then when he attempts to dispose of it he learns that so far as his particular novelty is concerned he is only fifteenth in the field. One instance may be taken as typical of a whole class.

A clever workman in charge of a room in a large electrical supplies manufactory conceived the idea of a device, that when attached to the cord or wire from which an electric lamp depends, would raise or lower it, something after the fashion of the familiar Harbushorn shade or blind roller. He saw the usefulness of such a thing and worked it up into shape fairly efficient. He brought it to the writer, not because the newspaperman was in any sense a patent expert, but having secured his patent he desired publicity. He invited criticism, and was told, that while practical, the device was not comely, being made of tin; that, for instance, merchants in stores would not take it as it lacked neatness, anyway, the price, one dollar, would keep it out of use, so long as spring clothes pins could be bought for ten cents a dozen. It was suggested that if it could be made in brass and the shape changed to that of an oval, and the working parts enclosed, it would be more attractive.

Special machines had been constructed at the expense of the inventor and a deal of money laid out. All this was set aside and the device altered. Then when endeavoring to find a purchaser for the patent he was advised that there were already twenty-seven similar things patented, different in detail, but having the same function. No sale was made and for a man in his circumstances the ultimate loss was heavy.

In the exploiting of an invention serious risks are taken. The public is fickle-minded and approves of something one month to treat it with indifference the next. The public demand for a patented article makes the venture lucrative, and seeing this infringements come to the surface. Then the legal battle begins, and the forces are deployed and the vexatious turns and readings of the laws ensue, with costs galore. And while all this is going on the demand has changed. No better evidence of this vagary of the commercial world can be adduced than the experience of a company formed to exploit a certain meter devised to measure electrical energy.

The company secured from the patent the sole right to manufacture the meter. It had stood pretty severe tests. While the average electric meter is a contrivance that consumes quarters and gives out a very uncertain service, this one was said to be in a class by itself—the ultra good. A factory was equipped with tools, presses, and a fairly costly equipment. Nine months' time was used in getting into action, making jigs, patterns, and other devices of the work, and a fairly large number of the meters were finished and offered to the trade. The trade criticized. Frankly, it said, the meter was acceptable on its working merits. But if the court knew itself, and the court affirmed it did, the meter was too large, too heavy and not neat. The dials were a puzzle and not located in the right place. The demand for meters was changing, for that while just so many were going into attics and upstairs

places, the larger demand was for a meter to be placed in the rooms of office buildings. Hence it must be as light as possible—to stand on a bracket—neat so as not to be an eyesore and reasonable in cost. As it stood it was not wanted, except for domestic use.

The promoters took their meter and set about making changes. At the end of five months the meter had been almost entirely reconstructed. Five pounds had been spent from its weight. It was compact, black, glossy and comely. A fair number were finished and offered. In the interval the world had moved. The congregation of meter-buyers had moved with it. They now asked for a meter that was not only light and nice-looking, but it must be absolutely dust-proof and damp-proof, as well. Nothing else would be accepted. Meter users were incredulous, anyway, and the thing must be made to come as near accuracy as possible. Disheartened, the company closed that line of operation, wiser by experience, sadder by a serious loss.

A range of inventions, those that handle raw materials, and designed for certain general service, are often put out of joint by some freak of nature. Patented and very ingenious machines for the manufacture of cordage will balk when supplied with a different kind of fibre other than that for which they were arranged to use. A curious instance along this line developed a few years ago. A company was organized in western Canada, up in the hard wheat and oat section, to make one of the popular forms of breakfast foods, using oats as the raw material. Time was when a new breakfast food was born every week, the basis of supply ranging from pine sawdust to cocoanut. Almost every grain product eatable and cookable has been experimented with, patented and exploited, but oatmeal in several of its many forms remains the most substantial, appetizing and sustains the place in public favor. Precedent, long usage and individual preference with

real food qualities account for this. In recent years the product of the oatmeal mill has been sort of glorified, the oat robbed of some of its pungency and is offered whole, flattened, pulverized, cooked and raw. The standard variety remains the "same as your mother used to make."

In equipping the mill the company employed the best expert skill attainable. The plant was planned to be almost automatic. To include the very latest appliances and devices. All that experience had proved of real practical value was included. In the process of manufacture the oats were heated by steam, in large pans, with the object of partially cooking the grain and loosening the kernel from the outer skin or envelope. Then to the hulling—or removal of the skin. This was done by a couple of burrs shaped and made to revolve like the old-fashioned mill stones, and similarly corrugated. Now no one has ever seen an oat hulled, for the reason that the hulling stops when the burrs cease to revolve, but it is understood that the centrifugal motion set up stands the oats on their ends, almost upright, the corrugations clipping off the ends of the grain and releasing the kernel from the envelope. The result is a mixture of grain and chaff. To separate this it is poured out on a rubber belt, which, moving from a low to a higher point, carries the grain to the bins on the upper floors. Across the belt is blown a blast of air, strong enough to drive away the hulls (or chaff), yet not so violent as to carry away the oats.

When the mill was started up everything moved just as the doctor ordered, until the big rubber belt began to pick up its work, and an attendant came down from the upper storey to say that while the thing was moving along all right, they were not getting any results. Where, in thunder, he asked, were the oats going? The cover was taken off the spout or carrier, and a very fine collection of kernels was found at the foot, where they had rolled down the belt. Very good.

What would be stopped, and it was so ordered. The angle at which the belt was working was reduced, and another trial made. This time the exalted attendant dropped down to say that the bin was filling up with a lot of stuff that might make excellent horse feed, but would be a pronounced failure as a breakfast food. Investigation showed that at the increased angle the belt delivered, despite the air blast, all that came from the burrs. Many trials of the delivery section were made, but no better results, and the expert was sent for. Two or three days' study brought to light the fact that there was a minute difference in the contour of the Canadian oat from that of the American-grown grain, the Yankee oat being a little longer and thinner than the Canadian, which was in the berry, shorter and plumper, and which would tumble down the grade that the American oat would climb. The entire delivery apparatus, at a cost of some thousands of dollars, had to be pulled out and re-built, to handle the patriotic Canadian oat.

In a timbered country the chopper's axe is a tool that holds merit. When I was a boy large quantities of timber were exported from the district and the chopper was an artist and a critic in the matter of axes. There were connoisseurs in those days. Axes were made by hand and the weight, shape and width of blade, position of eye and length of handle were all points of interest. Presently a tool or machine came into use, heralded as an invention that was to increase production, known as the trip-hammer. It was the father of all tools that work by percussion, and the progenitor of the steam and power hammers. A beam of wood was hung on trunnions at a point about a third of its length. To the short end was attached an iron spur, which engaged with a cam on a shaft revolving at considerable speed and steadied in motion by a big fly wheel. To the longer end was attached a mass of iron, known as the hammer. An anvil, supported on a big section of tree trunk sunk in the

ground, received the force of the blow. The glowing iron was beaten into shape by a succession of resounding blows. When in motion I stood beside it entranced, with my fingers in my ears. It was joyous and bewildering. Here was something doing things. Three men, or personalities, filled at that time the horizon of my boyish reverence. One was Napoleon Bonaparte, another was the man, who in a red shirt and blucher boots, straddled the old fire engine, "Protection No. 1," and through a large tin horn howled for more men on the brakes. The third was the man that invented the trip-hammer. When it got down to business at the old stand the resounding thwacks could be heard for miles. The row frightened horses, deafened the neighborhood and drove men to drink. All other noises were base imitations. Competent judges said that the trip-hammer was not an invention, but a perpetration.

Of the forms of invention that contribute to human progress, comfort and convenience few have sprung complete from the brain of the inventor. The germ, so to speak, of the process, method appliance or system was there. Often that was all. The greater part of that which we have is the result of imitation, assimilation and improvement. There have been certain inventions and others that will be epoch making, as for instance those relating to harvesting machinery, the Jacquard loom, the spinning jenny of Arkwright, the electric telegraph of Morse, the wonders of Bell, Edison and others. But as we have these things to-day the original conception forms a very small part. No gift, in value, to any art or business has exceeded that of the Linotype typesetting or bar casting machine to the production of newspapers. Without it the papers of to-day would be impossible. The first conception—a marvel at the time, a masterpiece of ingenuity, is so far away and behind the marvellous machine as we have it to-day that there seems no resemblance whatever. It has required years of

thought, application, experiment and some thousands of patents on improvements and attachments to present the machine as it is, almost human with metal intelligence and perfection of operation and product.

We are accustomed to think and speak of the electric light as an invention, and as it illuminates our homes and business places to ascribe its brilliancy and perfection to the genius of Edison. Large as the part he has made, given and had in its conception and installation it is but a part. Possibly the most tangible, as the current without the lamp would avail nothing for light. The evolution of electric light is only the gift of a series of developments that place before our eyes the heat and light of the sun, of more or less remote periods of years. And all along the line of production is a parallel line of human ingenuity and improvement.

Suppose the energy, forming in another shape the electric light, to be developed by water power what are the forces of nature harnessed to the work. From the surface of the stream, river or lake, from the bay or ocean is going on a constant evaporation. Gathered in the form of clouds that float over the highlands and falling in the form of rain the water begins its long journey seeking that level of levels, the ocean. The rivulet added to the volume of the brook grows to the importance of the river. A depression in the hills forms a reservoir, or a distinct drop in the bed of the river may form a current that it will pay to stem and hold. A dam is built to retain the water and direct its flow. The deeper the head the larger the power. Just here invention and patent come into play. One group control the erection of dams or power houses. Another group the form of turbine wheels that will turn at the weight of the water. A third govern the construction and arrangement of the machines known as generators, which gather from the storehouse of nature that tangible yet intangible thing which we call the electric cur-



"GET OUT FROM THE SHORE A CHIP OF THE WATER."

rent—a form of energy of which we know little and only that we can in some measure control and direct. Yet another set of inventions—transformers. Wires and appliances conducting the current are most material parts of the system. When all is ready, wheels turning, generators revolving, current flowing and reaching to the intelligent part of the system—the lamp, then we have light. Hanging in the little glass globe is a tiny filament of carbon, its function to block the current in its path. "Out of the way," says the current. "Not much," replies the filament. "If you don't I'll make it hot for you," says the current. "Make it as hot as you like" is the answer, and the current gets in its work, and the lamp glows with life, light and brilliancy. If we burn coal under a patented boiler to move with the compressed steam a patented engine to turn a patented generator the result is the same.

Of all the marvels of the last twenty-five years that which seems to combine mysticism and the occult, mechanics and invention, wireless telegraphy is the greatest. To send intelligence throbbing, quivering across

the ocean or coastline for miles, flying untrammelled, is a marvellous feat. As the signals ride out on the Hertzian waves to the distant station, ever waiting and listening it would seem that man's measure of ingenuity and invention had reached a limit. Let us epitomize the wireless in an illustration.

Stand on the edge of a pool and drop a small stone. On all sides tiny wavelets flow outward until the impulse is spent. Drop a larger stone—more wavelets and farther distance. Go to the other side of the pool and set out from the shore a chip, on the water. Place a small stone on the chip. Back to the other side and resume stone dropping. Presently the waves reach the chip and it rocks. The next greater impulse nearly overturns it. A larger stone sends its energy furthest of all, the chip re-sponds, slowly overturns, the stone slides off. The chip is the receiving station of the wireless. Chip and weight of stone "tuned" to respond to the impulse sent out from the sending service. Larger chips and heavier weights, though floating near would not respond.

Preparation

By

Hamilton Wright Mable

VICTORIES of life are won, not on the fields nor in the marts where the decisive struggle takes place, but in the obscure and forgotten hours of preparation. Success or failure lies in the hands of the individual long before the hour of final test comes.

In the higher fields of success there are no accidents; men reap precisely what they have sown, and nothing else; they do well precisely what they have prepared to do and they do nothing else well. The world puts its force into us when we put ourselves in right relation with it; experience makes us constantly wiser if we know how to rationalise it; time deposits all manner of treasure in our memory and imagination if we hold the doors open. Nothing is lost upon a man who is bent upon growth; nothing wasted on one who is always preparing for his work and his life by keeping eyes, mind, and heart open to nature, men, books, experience. Such a man finds ministers to his education on all sides; everything co-operates with his passion for growth; and what he gathers serves him at unexpected moments in unforeseen ways. All things that he has seen, heard, known, and felt, come to his aid in the critical moment to make thought clear and deep, his illustration luminous, his speech eloquent and inspiring.

Important Articles of the Month

Fruit for Food and Food for Fruit

That fruit as a food product assures both health and energy, is the contention of Sampson Morgan, who contributes to the *Fortnightly Review*, a lengthy article on this subject. Premising his remarks, by the statement that men are largely what their food makes them, he maintains that the greatest efficiency both of mind and body are to be secured from a fruit diet. "The acids and sugars render fruits in combination perfect health and strength givers, and provided their selection is based upon a knowledge of their qualities and virtues, they will readily tend to the prolongation of life under the most peaceful conditions."

The well-grown avocado contains about 630 grains of sugar to the pound. Eaten raw, with brown bread and butter or oil, it forms an ideal repast, and strange though at first it may seem to many, this diet will maintain health and strength to perfection. With one exception, perhaps, the banana has a larger percentage of nitrogen than any other fruit of its kind. According to the latest analysis, the edible portion contains 21.6 per cent. of nitrogen. Free extract, plums contain 20.0, cherries 18.5, nectarines 15.8, pears 15.7, grapes 14.9, apples 13.0, currants 12.8, raspberries 11.6, peaches 9.4 and strawberries 7.4. The above figures may prove useful as a guide. We have come to learn that there is danger in the free use of concentrated foods generally. Fruits as dilute foods are exceedingly wholesome, and not only do they impart strength to the eater, but they preserve health in the most natural manner. In the present contribution I have confined my attention chiefly to fresh fruits which can be grown in Great Britain. Other tropical and subtropical fruits of great importance are available, such as olives, persimmons, and avocado pears. The persimmon contains over 20.0 per cent. of nitrogen free extract, and in this respect is richer and more nutritious than the banana even. Olives and avocado pears are rich in fat; so are groundnuts, which contain 50 per

cent. of oil. Despite these constituents, it will be found that better and more uniform health and strength can be maintained by the use of bananas or tomatoes and brown bread at least for nine months of the year than is possible with the use of brown bread and groundnuts or olives. So great an authority as Pavy has said in respect to fruit that "its proportion of nitrogenous matter is too low and of water too high to allow it to possess much nutritive matter." Yet it forms the food of millions of workers during most months of the year in many countries. That it will maintain perfect health and strength is undoubted, for I am a hard worker, and could not possibly get through the amount of work every week which I do, were it not for my diet of fruit and bread. With care in the selection of sugary and succulent fruits, according to mood and season, there is no difficulty about the matter. It is well to talk of economy and to compute the amount of actual nutriment in various foods, but at the same time it is far more important to ascertain the quality of, and the effects which they produce when taken in to and absorbed by the system, for the blood is the life, and the blood feeds upon the food we eat, and the body is maintained by the blood, so that the food becomes part and parcel of our body. Fruit eating enables us materially to check the encroachment of death upon life, which comes through oxidation of the tissues of the body and bones. The fruit which cleanses the earthy matter from the tissues and in this way tend to prolong life. From every standpoint fruit is invaluable as an article of diet.

The theory of the value of fruit as a diet has been advanced many times, and it has many supporters, but Mr. Morgan goes a step further and shows that the fruits themselves should be properly fed, in order to make them rich in those constituents best suited to the human body.

The qualities and characteristics of fruits, plants and trees can be completely transformed by feeding. This factor has escaped serious notice too long. The food of plants can even be

applied to produce almost any condition of vegetable tissue we need. We can, for instance, make a bag of extraordinary suppleness, or devoid of flexibility, or of strength to order. We can improve the quality of our fruits, increase their size and facilitate the brightening of the color of their skin in the most remarkable manner, through the agency of plant food alone. We spend too much time in looking for the advent of new varieties and too little in improving the characteristics of the varieties we already possess. The sarcocarp of the apple, for instance, is living matter which grows, and the growth of this living matter can be increased to such an extent when the power is fully manifested it will contain double and treble the amount of nutrients apples fed under the ordinary system possibly can. Henceforth the important part played by the sarcocarp of fruits has been completely ignored. The expanding properties of this growing matter are surprising, and by acting upon it primarily through the agency of plant food, the apple can be extended to the fullest proportions possible. Improper feeding and lack of ample moisture during the swelling period tend to check the natural expansion of the living matter, and as the result the fruits produced are diminutive and underdone and the flesh is of inferior quality. For twenty years and more I have given special study to the elaboration, contraction, and expansion of fruit tissues, and it was only after the most persistent observation I was enabled to satisfy myself that complete development is best secured by the aid of natural non-stimulating plant food.

But here, Mr. Morgan issues a warning. Just because the food supplied to fruits varies, the fruits themselves vary, and in consequence it does not do to advocate indiscriminate fruit-eating.

I have known writers say, "eat apples freely," which if they had been aware of the different qualities of the multitudinous kinds which are available could not have given such advice without qualification. Fruits, like men, are of varying nature and the fact now stated for the first time that fruits are what their food makes them bids fair not only to revolutionize the whole system of fruit eating, but of fruit production also. Let me not be misunderstood. Man does, of course, produce fruits of varying qualities almost at will. He can alter the size and shape of the fruits of the tree by pruning and by branch regulation, but he cannot by these means alone ever make the difference between the product of the educated fruit eaters of the future demand. Fruit eating in time may be-

come a science and its devotees may be numbered by the million. When a knowledge of the plastic properties of fruits has been acquired and acted upon by fruit moulders later on the consumers will enjoy products which in composition will be as different from the present-day fruits as the latter are from those of one hundred years and more ago. As far as feeding is concerned the prevalent system, though endorsed by many chemists of repute, is radically wrong. It is open to the objection if modern writers know how to feed scientifically for fruit at all. Too often they get the soil and trees into a dyspeptic condition, but the fruit from dyspeptic trees and soil cannot form the perfect food for man. Man's life is not in the fruit of these trees, neither, indeed, can it be. The reason of the failure of the fruit tree-breeders to obtain those results which nature has rendered possible is mainly due to the fact that they base their operations upon out of date notions. The principles of the fruit growing movement are of wide adaptation, and the recognition of this fact which induced me to elaborate the system of production which has been made public. The new method has brought about a revolutionary change in fruit growing industries in many centres near and far. Wherever fruit can be grown the principles of the new movement when adopted will improve the general quality of the cultivators' fruit. The present over-seventy-five per cent. of the fruits produced are marred with blemishes and imperfections. Coming generations will feast upon products which, though being grown under natural conditions, will be perfect, and the food value of which will be enhanced considerably thereby. In the swelling period the effect of an abundant plant food and moisture upon the cellular structure of fruit is particularly interesting. Its action is almost electrical. So rapid is the cellular framework developed that one can almost see it expand. Under culture fruits have in several instances already had their sugar contents increased by twenty-five per cent., and still room remains for improvement in that direction alone. The sugar content of fruits of the same variety grown in different parts of the country, and under different methods of culture, varies considerably. By increasing the saccharine percentage in fruits we materially add to the output of vegetable sugars which nature elaborates through the agency of fruiting trees and plants, and plant food, soil, air, water and sunlight. By careful treatment we may increase the present production of sugar in fruits from the orchards of the United Kingdom by five thousand tons a year.

Psychology in Everyday Life

Psychology, as a working science, has made greater strides of recent years, than any other science, in the opinion of H. Addington Bruce, who tells of some of its practical achievements in *The Outlook*. Not only is the medical profession finding it of distinct advantage in treating nervous and mental diseases, but it is to-day being successfully applied by educationists, sociologists, lawyers, judges, merchants, manufacturers, and many other busy men. "In fact, it is not too much to say that there is no field of human endeavor in which benefit may not be had through wise application of the discoveries of psychological research."

The establishment of a psychological clinic in behalf of the mentally retarded children of Philadelphia, was undertaken by the University of Pennsylvania in 1896. Its director, Professor Lightner Witmer, thus describes its origin:—

"The occasion was given for the inception of this work by a public school teacher, who brought to the psychological laboratory of the University of Pennsylvania a boy fourteen years of age for advice concerning the best methods of teaching him, in view of his chronic bad spelling. Her assumption was that psychology could be of use to discover the cause of his deficiency and advise the means of removing it. Up to that time I could not find that the science of psychology had ever addressed itself to the ascertainment of the causes and treatment of a deficiency in spelling; yet this is a simple developmental defect of memory, and memory is a mental process concerning which the science of psychology is supposed to furnish authoritative information. It appeared to me that if psychology was worth attention to me or to others, it should be able to assist the efforts of the teacher in a retarded case of this kind."

"The absence of any principles to guide me made it necessary to apply

myself directly to the study of the mental and physical condition of this child, working out my methods as I went along. I discovered that the important factor in producing bad spelling in this case was an eye defect. After this defect had been corrected, my teacher and I worked together to instruct him as one would a more to-be-gone in the art of spelling and reading. In the spring of 1895, when this case was brought to me, I saw several other cases of children suffering from the retardation of some special function, like that of spelling, or from general retardation, and I undertook the training of those children for a certain number of hours each week. Since that time the laboratory of psychology has been open for the examination of children who have come chiefly from the public schools of Philadelphia and adjacent cities. The University of Pennsylvania thus opened an educational dispensary. It is in effect a laboratory of applied psychology, maintained since 1896 by the University of Pennsylvania for the scientific study and remedial treatment of defects of development."

"During the early years of its existence the psychological clinic was open for a few hours on one day of each week. As the knowledge of its work grew, the demand increased, and soon the clinic was open for three days of each week. Although the experiment of holding a daily clinic was first tried in the summer of 1897, during the six weeks of the Summer School, it was not until last fall that regular daily clinics were established. About three new cases a day are seen. The number which can receive attention is necessarily limited, owing to the fact that the study of a case requires much time, and if the case is to be properly treated, the home conditions must be looked into, and one or more social workers employed to follow up the case. The progress of some children has been followed for a term of years."

In nearly all investigations of backward children, it has been found by the psychological clinic that the trouble is due to remedial causes. Eye, throat, nose, ear, and dental

trouble, it has been conclusively demonstrated, are frequently productive of marked intellectual deficiency.

A typical case in point is that of a small boy who was brought to Professor Witmer's clinic last year with a lamentable history of intellectual backwardness and moral obliquity. Psychological examination satisfied Professor Witmer that the boy was neither a mental nor a moral imbecile, as had been suspected, and at first nothing abnormal was found in his physical condition. But it was later discovered that he was suffering from dental impaction, and it was deemed well to remove a few of his teeth. Remarkable improvement, both mental and moral, at once followed. The boy was closely observed, given some preliminary training, and then placed in a private school for education along lines laid down by the psychological clinic.

"His whole demeanor under the private instruction," says Dr. Arthur Holmes, an assistant of Professor Witmer's, who has been following the case closely, "has been that of a normal boy. He has been put upon his honor, and in every case he has justified the expectations of his teacher. He is now a healthy boy, with a boy's natural curiosity, with good manners, good temper, with no more than the average nervousness, and with every prospect of taking his proper place in society and developing into an efficient and moral citizen."

In their investigations, psychologists make extensive use of what is called the "association reaction method" of mental diagnosis.

The association reaction method is based on the theory that disciplining ideas in a person's mind will reveal themselves by variations in his reaction time and in the nature of his responses. For instance, he is given a list of carefully selected words and is asked to utter, after hearing each, the first word that happens to come into his mind. To test the validity of this theory many experiments have been tried in European and American psychological laboratories, and the experimenters have been greatly impressed with the detective value of the method. Some of them, in fact, have made use of it in other than a merely experimental way, and with great success. On at least one occasion the scientist who first employed it for general purposes of psychological investigation, Dr. Jung,

the distinguished neurologist of Zurich, used it to good effect to trap a thief.

One of Dr. Jung's patients had confided to him his fear that he was being systematically robbed of small sums of money by his nephew, a young fellow of eighteen. It was arranged that the young man should be sent to Dr. Jung, ostensibly to undergo a medical examination. On his arrival he was told that in order to test his mental state he was to respond, as quickly as possible, to a list of one hundred words, which Dr. Jung read to him one by one. Most of these words were quite trivial, but scattered among them were thirty-seven which had to do with the thefts, the room from which the money had been taken, or possible motives for robbery. As measured by the chronoscope, the differences in his reaction time to the harmless and to the significant words were startling.

Dr. Jung said "head," he responded, to put it technically, associated—"nose." Dr. Jung said "green," he associated "bite." Dr. Jung said "white," he associated "air," and so on, the average reaction time being 1.5 seconds. But it took him 4.6 seconds to find a word to associate with "thief," 3.2 seconds for an association with "jail," and 3.5 seconds for one with "poison." In other cases there was an abnormally quick reaction to significant words, followed immediately by a tell-tale slowing up in the reaction to the next two or three trivial ones. When he had gone through the list, Dr. Jung sternly told the young man that he found his health excellent but his morals bad, secured him of cocaine from his uncle, and, basing his assertion on the character of the reaction words, taxed him with having dissipated the proceeds of his thefts in extravagant purchases, such as a gold watch. The young man, startled at the revelation of his supernatural knowledge of his delinquent, broke down and made a complete confession.

It is proposed as a result of this and similar trials, that the association reaction method should be adopted by the courts. But, even if not given judicial sanction, it is certainly being used by medical men, who have been enabled by patients, suffering from ailments, that have their origin in secret vices, which the patient is ashamed to reveal.

In this connection a story told by Professor Münsterberg in his book "On the Witness-Stand" may well be quoted.

A young girl, anemic and neurasthenic, and unable to concentrate her attention on her studies, had been sent to him for psychological advice.

"I asked her," says Professor Münsterberg, "many questions as to her habits of life. Among other things she assured me that she took wholesome and plentiful meals and was not allowed to buy sweets. Then I began some psychological experiments, and among other tests I started, at first rather anxiously, with trial associations. Her average association time was slow—nearly two seconds. Very soon the word 'money' brought the answer 'candy,' and it came with the quickness of 1.4 seconds. There was nothing remarkable in that. But the next word, 'apron,' harmless in itself, was six seconds in finding its association, and furthermore, the association which resulted was 'apron'—'chocolate.' Both the retardation and the inappropriate nature of this indicated that the foregoing pair had left an emotional shock, and the choice of the word 'chocolate' showed that the disturbance resulted from the intrusion of the word 'candy.' The word 'apron' had evidently no power at all compared with those associations which were produced by the counter-emotion.

"I took this as a clue, and after twenty indifferent words which slowly restored her calmness of mind, I returned to the problem of sweets. Of course she was now warned, and was evidently on the lookout. The result was that when I introduced the word 'candy' again she needed 4.5 seconds, and the outcome was the naive association 'never.' This 'never' was the first association that was neither substantive nor adjective. All the words before had evidently meant for her simply objects; but 'candy' seemed to appeal to her as a hint, a question, a reproach which she wanted to repudiate. She was clearly quite aware that this mental change from a descriptive to a repulsive attitude was very suspicious; she must even have felt quite satisfied with her reply, for the next associations were short and to the point.

"After a while I began on the same line again. The unassuming word 'box' brought quickly the usually unassuming 'white,' and yet I knew at once that it was a candy box for the next word, 'pound,' brought the association 'two,' and the following, 'book,' after several seconds the unit association 'sweet.' She was again not aware that she had betrayed the path of her imagination. In the course of these associations I varied the subject repeatedly, and she remained to the end unconscious

that she had given me all the information needed. Her surprise seemed still greater than her feeling of shame when I told her that she skipped her lunch-omnibus daily, and had hardly any regular meals, but consumed every day several pounds of candy. With tears she made finally a full confession." She had kept her injudicious diet a secret, as she had promised her parents not to spend any money for chocolate. The right diagnosis led me to make the right suggestion, and after a few weeks her health and strength were restored.

In business life, psychology can be successfully applied in the department of advertising.

An advertisement obviously is an appeal to the minds of its readers. Many advertisers seem to think that the appeal is bound to be successful if only they advertise often enough. There is a sound psychological law underlying this idea, for repetition undoubtedly tends to establish an unconscious thought habit. On the other hand, psychological investigation has shown that unless great care is exercised in the wording or illustrating of an advertisement its repetition may induce a thought habit wholly unfavorable to the article advertised. Not only the wording, the illustrating, the position, but even the kind of type used and the general typographical appearance may be decisive of success or failure. Advertisers of course have always recognized this to a greater or less extent, but usually the process of ascertaining just what kind of advertisements they ought to adopt has been a costly one to them. They can save—and many of them to-day are saving—a great deal of needless expenditure by drawing on the expert knowledge of the psychologist, who is able, by a few experiments, to determine with a high degree of exactitude the probable effectiveness of any given advertisement. He can help the merchant, father, with respect to that special form of advertising known as window-dressing, and also with respect to salesmanship. To such an extent is this true that the day seems bound to come when even the great commercial establishment will maintain a psychological laboratory of its own.

A Bargain in College Education

An experiment in higher education is about to be tried in the State of Massachusetts, which will be watched with interest. It is based on the fact that all over the state there have been erected costly high and normal schools buildings, which are in use for not more than five hours every day for five days in the week or, in other words, exhaust not more than forty per cent. of their possible working efficiency. To make use of this plant for higher education, is the aim of Massachusetts College, recently incorporated by the legislature of that state.

It will be geographically quite the largest educational institution in the world, for it will apply the traditional arrangement of an English university, like Cambridge or Oxford, not to a single university town but to the entire state of Massachusetts. Its plant will be the high and normal school buildings already standing in some twenty-eight Massachusetts towns and cities, and ninety per cent of the population will thus be situated within an eight-mile radius of one or other of the Massachusetts College lecture rooms and laboratories. Although the college will open with only a fraction of its possible equipment the interest and co-operation already assured throughout the state indicate a rapid development of all the proposed educational centres.

Unlike any previous effort to expand the influence of college education, Massachusetts College proposes to stand on its own feet, a homogeneous and self-respecting institution with a faculty that will compare favorably with that of any other college, with costs equivalent, in time, labor, and the demand made upon the student, to those of any of the established colleges, and with an A. B. degree that shall represent an equal amount of scholarly attainment.

The new university will provide opportunities in every large centre for high-school graduates and others to continue studies in which they are interested, either as special students or as part of the four years' work necessary for the degree.

It will give public school teachers throughout the state an opportunity to increase the measure of their own knowledge which is now only partly supplied by the short sessions of the summer schools conducted by the older universities. And it expects also to prepare students for entrance into the upper classes of these older institutions and to assist them in meeting the greatly increased expense of tuition and college residence. The possible usefulness of this "real college" within reach of practically everybody in Massachusetts extends in more directions than can here be enumerated. And the confidence of the promoters in the success of the venture rests upon the fact that the needs it is designed to meet are fundamental and evident.

The public have always responded to the advances of such institutions of learning as have put opportunities in their way to acquire knowledge, but the courses provided have remained merely a by-product of institutional activity, instead of being, as in the case of Massachusetts College, the main purpose of it.

Existing colleges cannot, except to a limited extent, allow their teachers to assume duties outside the walls of the state university in no assistance to those whose circumstances will not permit residence in or near the town where such a university is located—and the wisdom of absolutely free tuition is by no means universally admitted by those whose life work is the study of educational matters. What is given away is rarely if ever as valuable to the recipient as what has to be worked for, and by no means the least important feature in the plans of Massachusetts College is the existence of a tuition fee that will help support it and at the same time reduce the necessary expense of its students to not more than twenty-five per cent. of the minimum tuition at any of the established colleges. At the very lowest it has been estimated that a young man can go through four years of college residence for \$1,600—and to anyone familiar with American college life this minimum figure stands for heroic self-denial and often positive suffering. At Massachusetts College the average year-

ly tuition will be \$42.35—and against the cost of residence in a college town the incidental expenses will be limited to car fares and the purchase of text books and stationery. A ten cent car fare represents the greatest distance that ninety-eight per cent. of the students will be from the nearest college building and the division of the entire state into educational centres with an eight-mile radius will eventually make it possible for a student who moves from one part of the state to another to take up his studies uninterrupted in his new neighborhood.

The system employed, is described by the writer as being very much like that of the three-ring circus, in which on account of the size of the audience, it becomes necessary to have three similar performances going on simultaneously. Only if the case of Massachusetts College, there will be twenty-eight simultaneous performances.

But how are these performances to be managed? Like many another project that has taken years of preliminary study, the final working out of the plan seems surprisingly simple—and practically every school house in the state, every high and normal school principal, every superintendent of schools, and every college president has expressed the belief that it will work successfully. Lectures are to be given by a corps of traveling lecturers—men who will spend an hour on the train and an hour or so on the lecture platform. The state, already divided into the twenty-eight educational centres of Massachusetts College, is again divided into the three larger circles whose radius may be measured by an hour of railway travel, and the necessary teaching force in this department must include three

sets of lectures covering respectively the territory represented by each of these larger circles. To supplement these traveling lecturers, each of the twenty-eight centres must have its own force of resident teachers to conduct the routine work of recitation, exercises, consultations, and examinations. And the older colleges of the state will in all likelihood add to the educational equipment of their youngest colleges by allowing members of their own faculties to give occasional lectures at the different centres.

The important thing, however, is that these traveling lecturers are to belong to the regular staff of the institution for which they lecture, and that Massachusetts College, in the selection of these and all its other officials, will be in the market in direct competition with other institutions of learning the world over. In keeping the college to the people, here, for the first time that such a plan has ever been formulated, the standard of the college is to be in no wise lowered or popularized. It is the intention of the college to make its degree as valuable as that of any other, and to bring its students into as direct contact with the men who instruct them. Both young men and young women will be admitted to registration, the necessary graduation being either the high-school certificate or proof that the candidate can do the work required by the college. Obviously the "social side" of college life that comes naturally from the residence of many students in the dormitories of a single college is not expected to play much part in a plan covering so wide a territory, yet it is within the bounds of possibility that each centre may develop something of the class feeling that comes from daily college association, even as each separate college in an English university group becomes distinctively characterized by its traditions with all the other colleges both in games and scholarship.

The Business Side of the Circus

An exceedingly interesting glimpse of a little-known side of circus life is afforded by Hartley Davis in an article in *Everybody's Magazine*. He points out that it was the business ideas of James Anthony Bailey, that revolutionized the old-time circus made famous by P. T. Barnum. Bar-

num's scheme was to fool the people. Bailey's was to make the circus clean and honest. Bailey won out, and the circus, as a highly organized business machine is now the order of the day.

While Bailey was revolutionizing the circus, his brother, from Baraboo, Wisconsin, was making their way upward

in the show week. They started on nothing, the elder brothers gradually drawing in the younger as they grew stronger. They realized the wisdom of Bailey's business sense, and they had the same personal principles.

Each brother mastered the details of the circus business, then each specialized in some one department. Their motto was that of the Three Musketeers: "One for all and all for one!" To-day the five Ringling Brothers—now dead about a year ago—dominate the circus field in America even more completely than did Barnum & Bailey. They own the Barnum & Bailey show, the Ringling Brothers show, and the Forchuck & Sells show—the three largest in the country.

The two biggest shows, as nearly alike as possible, each have eighty-nine cars. The Forchuck & Sells show has fifty-five cars. Theirs contain the Hagenbeck & Wallace show, has about thirty-five cars. Gailman Brothers show with thirty cars, and the Cole Brothers, with twenty cars, round out the list of the more important circuses. Of course there are many smaller ones.

Each of the two biggest circuses represents a cost of about \$1,000,000, although it is doubtful whether either of them could be duplicated for that sum.

Mr. Davis supplies some interesting figures, which give some idea of the capital invested in the modern circus. The railroad equipment alone for a big circus represents an investment of nearly half a million dollars. Chariots cost from \$2,000 to \$5,000 each, and cages, exclusive of decoration, \$1,500. The wardrobe costs annually \$150,000. Horses of all kinds are valued at \$400,000, while the menagerie costs \$750,000. Other equipment, including tents and seats, runs up to \$100,000.

If you should add these figures, you would find the total considerably short of \$3,000,000. For one thing, all of the investment of the winter quarter hasn't been included—the grazing land, the exercising arenas, the living places for employees, and scores of other things, which add perhaps \$500,000. Furthermore, the traveling mechanical equipment for the show carries a paint shop, a barnum shop, a dressmaking establishment, and so on; and these, with other offshoots, represent an investment of about \$100,000.

There is a mighty important item of half a million that is invested in the

bank, a surplus that is really an emergency fund, without which no big circus could be sure of existing through a season. Part of it is deposited in New York, part in Chicago, and part in St. Louis. It is at all times subject to a telegraph order to forward actual cash. The circus works on a cash basis all ways when it is on the road; about the only bills paid by cheque are the printing bills. In the old days the showman took all kinds of chances. But the modern circus simply insures itself against loss, and carries the insurance itself, just as many business concerns carry their own fire insurance. For there is always danger of a railroad wreck or a fire that may destroy half the show. Or there may be a prolonged season of bad business, due to bad weather. One year when Mr. Bailey owned the Forchuck show, at the beginning of the season, it had seven consecutive weeks of heavy rain. If he had not had an emergency fund to draw upon, the show must have been swamped. In the total losses for the first two months were nearly a quarter of a million. But the owner was prepared for the unprecedented, and the show finished the season with a profit.

Then, as regards running expenses, each car in the circus train costs about \$85.00 a day to carry, and the whole train from \$7,500 to \$8,000. Salaries amount to \$2,800 a day. Food supplies for both man and beast cost \$2,500 daily.

Advertising expenses—the second largest item—reach a total of \$1,100 a day. The "billboard," which means all advertising matter from the wondrous lithographs that make the countryside brilliant, to the handbill, costs \$400 a day. The newspaper advertising averages \$300 a day; and the balance is expended in operating advance cars and in paying the charges of posting.

In the old days, circus-advertising campaigns, like political campaigns, were long drawn out. Nowadays both are shortened and kept at a high tension. The circus advertising begins just three weeks in advance of the circus. The whole countryside within a radius of twenty miles—that is about the maximum distance people will drive—and the railroad points within a radius of fifty miles, are plastered with lithographs. The general idea is to arrange the route of a circus so that it averages just one show in a hundred miles. Transportation charges vary from \$300 to \$1,500 a day, but the average

is little above the minimum, because of the long stops in cities. Two weeks in Chicago, a week in Philadelphia, and a week in Boston keep the average down. In a whole season, by the way, the show will lose not more than one day in traveling, Sundays excepted.

There are many small expenses connected with a circus that the outside world never hears about. For instance, the legal charges amount to seventy-five dollars a day on the road. This includes the salary of a hip-crippled lawyer, who always travels with the circus and is the hardest worked man with it, next to the bandmen and the ticket sellers. A small boy is kicked by a horse; if there is a dispute over a lead bill; if grafting officials try to cause trouble, the lawyer is called upon to make settlement.

Then there is a physician to look after the employees and to see that the strictest sanitary laws are obeyed. A drug wagon and a chemist implement him. The work people are very pathetic, but the performers must put on the showday themselves. You see, the hazard of the act is a factor in determining the salary, and the performer takes all the risk. There is a veterinary, with two assistants, who has a pretty big drug store of his own. It takes a lot of work to look after all the many kinds of animals, and the "vets" don't lose much. Law and medicine together cost the circus a deal more than \$100 a day.

The revenue of the circus comes from the sale of tickets and refreshments. The side shows and the refreshment both yield nearly half the net profits of the modern big circus.

The side show, the first of the exhibition tents to go up and the last to come down, makes, net, from \$400 to \$500 a day under normal conditions, while the candy, peanuts, and lemonade yield a profit of about \$300. When the circus management can make the main show equal the profit of these two "breadstuffs" it is content, because its energy is directed toward insuring a certain ten per cent. on the investment, which places it on a par with most commercial enterprises. Some especially good years may show a profit of \$500,000, but that is only sixteen per cent., a not unusual return upon far more considerable business enterprises in which there appears to be far less risk. But the truth is that the circus risk isn't so great as it seems.

Concluding, there is an interesting little picture given of the way the money is handled.

For the handling of all its money, the circus has, in the ticket wagon, a private traveling bank of its own. There are really two ticket wagons, one for reserved seats, and another—the main one—where the regular admissions are sold. Through this steel wagon, with its two big iron cases, passes the money the circus takes in and all it pays out. It comes in very rapidly at times, for the modern ticket man is marvellously expert, making the old-time "lightning ticket sellers" look like amateurs. Bookkeeper DeWolfe, with the Barnum & Bailey show, has a record of selling 3,000 tickets in an hour—fifty tickets in sixty seconds. In the grating days the ticket sellers' job was worth thousands of dollars a season. Nowadays there is no grading at all, and so support are the sellers that, in a whole season, the difference between money and tickets will be less than a hundred dollars, and that is as likely to be against the ticket sellers as in their favor.

Over each ticket window is a rack, divided into compartments holding a hundred tickets each. The seller takes about two tickets at a time in one hand—the whole ones on one side, the half ones on the other—and makes change with his free hand. The silver that comes in is swept into a drawer, while the paper money—which the ticket man alternates—is swept into baskets or to the floor.

As soon as the rush is over, all the windows are closed, and the men begin to count the money, the small silver being sealed in rolls, the silver dollars placed in canvas bags containing one hundred each, and the bills arranged in packages.

Very soon after the sale is ended, the treasurer begins paying out money, all the local bills being settled in the afternoon, while the assistants continue counting not only their own receipts but the money taken in by the reserved-ticket wagon, the side show, and the privileges, if there is time. But usually there is not, and the final counting up and settling are not finished until the next morning. Then, unless salaries—which are paid weekly—are to be considered, the surplus is placed in a baggy and taken either to a bank or to an express office, according to the distance it has to go to the banking centre. For instance, from all points east of Pitt-

burg it is cheaper to ship the actual cash by express than it is to buy exchanges on New York, which costs about a dollar a thousand, on an average.

In the ticket wagon, as in every other department of the circus, it is perfect

system that enables the force to get through the day's business. The organization of these huge amusement enterprises has, indeed, become so highly perfected that it is practically automatic.

The Business Girl's Ideal of Marriage

An investigation into the views of business girls on matrimony is being conducted in *Success Magazine*, and the resultant opinions on the subject are fraught with considerable interest. The inquiry has been carried into every line of business and every section of the United States, and the percentages thus obtained are as accurate as it is possible to secure.

While theoretically her business training may lead the business girl to regard the marriage contract much in the light of any other formal business agreement, yet practically the American girl does not look at love through strictly business eyes, unless she is either spoiled or "up against it."

So, in the struggle of heart vs. head, while in the factories the pure materialists outnumber the pure idealists by seven to one, among business girls it is very much the other way. Those who would marry for love alone, regardless of all else, outnumber by three to two those who would marry from purely practical considerations. Moreover, these practical ones seem to be more thoughtful than the kindled factory group.

"Romantic passion is not necessary," declared Lela M., a mysterious-looking shadow-eyed stenographer from Louisiana. "It often burns out and makes much unhappiness. I'd want deep respect and sympathy and think it would be much safer than romantic love. I wouldn't marry, though, without being sure I was fitted just as fully for the profession of wifehood as for any other profession that I would enter with the expectation of success."

Between this standpoint and the purely romantic there are, of course, myriad grades of thought and feeling. But there is no doubt that the balance

tilts toward romance, though not so decidedly as the factory girl's position indicates the practical.

Three factory girls out of four would not return to work after the wedding. But five business girls out of six would not, though they like their work far better. Fear of social disgrace is one reason. A second is found in the belief that a wife's place is at home. A third that wifely toil has a malignant influence on manhood. While a fourth reason is a reluctance to fill a position that some other girl might need.

As we have seen, three-quarters of the industrial girl would prefer housewifery to their old work. How much more congenial business is to the sex than industrial work is shown by the fact that only two business girls out of three find the profession for housewifery, although they are better trained in matters of domestic science, and look forward to a more convenient kind of home involving less rough drudgery, and sometimes even permitting a servant or two.

Sixty-nine per cent. of girls in business (fifty-eight in the factory) consider that there would be less freedom for them in married life. And many of the minority are influenced by unpleasant home conditions. The general attitude is that of the Western telephone operator who said: "Now I can spend my money as I please and go out and have fun. I'd be awful tied down."

Nevertheless, it seems that the prospect of "being awful tied down" has few terrors for them. An overwhelming majority would prefer to put up with it. In fact, this preference is so strong that—just as in industry—three girls out of four would marry in the face of parental opposition.

If business girls place love first in weighing the various factors of mar-

riage, they make motherhood a close second. Four-fifths of them want children, as compared with only two-thirds of the factory girls. And usually the reluctant girls are not, like the poor "little mothers" of industry, afraid of motherhood because they have lived through the horrors that too prolific parents create. On the contrary their attitude is nearer that of the frivolous society girl.

Next the question of the kind of man these business girls want for a husband is taken up.

The business girl, in describing her ideal of masculine beauty, nearly always gives you the tall, very dark, preternaturally square-jawed hero of her favorite author, George Barr McCutcheon. Not long ago I was telling a friend of this and he raised the question whether she dated on this type because McCutcheon had brought him to her attention, or whether Mr. McCutcheon, with his ear to the ground, had manufactured this particular hero because he was just the kind his readers dated on.

At any rate, good looks "go" very decidedly with the business girl, and she would like her hero to dress the part, too. Here she flashes forth in violent contrast to the four out of five factory girls who fear "society" dressers as marriage possibilities.

Almost half of the business girls like a man to "dress" even if he does happen to be a marriage possibility.

"I know you wouldn't look at the clothes," admitted a cashier on a railroad, "but at the man instead, but that just shows you don't think like you ought to. I like to see a man in fine dress; I do indeed. I suppose it's a sign of extravagance, but, if he dresses well himself, he'll never grudge you the sight of a dollar bill for a new dress."

You see, because the business girl is ever so much younger in spirit than the over-driven industrial sector, she has the faults of youth a plenty.

For instance, instead of wanting to marry a much older man, sure to be steady and so wise that he can "barn her something," she prefers her future husband to be much nearer her own age, "so we can grow up together."

In business the young women are not so critical as their marrying widowers. "I don't like a fellow who is almost half bald before he's thirty," said a sixth of those drew the line at becoming step-mothers. A few are rather doubtful. "I'd have to love him as well as if he was a widower," mused

a San Francisco clerk. A few object to them on the theoretical ground that "there can be only one real love in a life," but generally the refusal is rather tact:

"No—warmed-over affections for mine!"

"Leave them marry widows."

"You don't get me being a Mrs. Two!"

Like the factory girl, the daughter of business would like her husband a occupation to be at least a grade above her own.

A few other factors may be considered. The question of income brings out the information that the average lowest salary must be \$1,500 a year.

Very few would refuse a man because he had sown his "wild oats," and nearly all would confidently expect to reform him after marriage.

The girl of business is not so insistent on the "steadiness" of her ideal husband, as the factory girls are. She is twice as prone to favor a "good spender."

When it comes to the question of disposition, eighty-six per cent. would like their husbands easy-going rather than masterful.

In the factories only three-tenths of the girls consider marriage a success. In business only three-tenths consider marriage a failure. As to divorce only one-fourth oppose it.

Nevertheless, the average business girl's opinion of the average man is shockingly low. And perhaps it is on this very account that she makes her great mistake. Because she despises the sort of man she usually meets, she spends more on clothes than she ought to in order to attract a wider circle of men to choose from, hoping thus to find a man she can thoroughly respect.

Sanctimonious girls, of course, love to make and wear beautiful clothes simply for their own sake. A friend gave Maxie F., a pretty party dress. She put it on the morning of her holiday and wore it till night, alone at home. Her family was away. She wanted simply "to enjoy it and see how it felt to be a lady."

At the same time nearly every girl in this investigation, when she was asked whether dress was "a means of catching a husband," denied it in her own case, but said that it was for all the other girls she knew. They remind

one of the Greek generals who each voted for himself as the greatest general, but for Miltiades as the next greatest.

Many of the girls thought that men were attracted more by dress than by all other feminine charms. As a Western stenographer put it: "When it comes to the matter of dress, a girl's figure isn't in it." On reconsideration she laughingly modified this startling assertion by admitting that the girl's figure was "in it," but was often so altered by the dress as to be practically negligible.

A clerk in California, with more liberal views, voiced the average sentiment: "There are very few men who have good sense. A good figure, a pretty face, or clothes is about all most of them consider."

So it comes about that the business girl earning far less than her factory sister, spends one hundred and fifty dollars a year on clothes as against the factory girl's eighty dollars. This sentimentally recognizes what a marvelous manner the working girl often is, how cleverly she buys, how indistinctly she sews after hours.

The Meteoric Career of F. E. Smith

A little over four years ago the British public knew nothing of F. E. Smith. His advent into political life after the tremendous Unionist defeat of 1906 is told in interesting manner by John Foster-Fraser, in the course of a character sketch of Mr. Smith in *The London Magazine*.

The Unionists had for a time lost many of their best speakers and in the weary conflict between Ministerials and Oppositonists, the Unionists did not get the best of it.

Then one evening, about nine o'clock, when the House of Commons was scarcely filled, a tall, thin, dark, strong-chinned, pale-faced man rose from the Opposition side. The Speaker gave the name "Mr. Smith," but that meant nothing. He was a new-comer, and this was to be another bead in the string of "maiden speeches" which were just then being delivered by young M.P.'s trying their oratorical wings. The older men looked on with casual interest. Mr. Smith spoke slowly, as though feeling his way. There was something, however, in his long black stiffness which attracted the eye and held it. There was a high-keyed contempt and undoubted individuality in the tone of his voice which was unusual, and the ear was captivated. He did not say commonplace things in a commonplace way, which had been the characteristic of so many other "maiden speeches." There was originality of thought; there was literary distinction of phrase; there was haughty, wit, bitter satire.

So M.P.'s found themselves listening. The ebb of members out of the House ceased. It became all flow. Men who glanced in casually to see who was "on his legs," found a youngish man, with body slightly bent forward, and, when confidence came, pouring out a long stream of argument, invective, demonstration, scorn, but without any gyrations.

"Who is he?" was the demand made a hundred times.

"Smith!"

"What Smith?"

"Oh, he is one of the Liverpool new members—a young fellow who has done splendidly at the Bar."

Men who came into the Chamber did not leave it. Before long the House was crowded. The Unionists, recognizing that they had a debater of value in their midst, lost their habitual glumness. For the first time since the new Parliament met, their countenances were irradiated with joy. They observed furiously.

Mr. Fraser characterizes this speech as the most brilliant maiden effort within knowledge. In one hour Mr. Smith sprang from obscurity into the full sunshine of fame. It is now believed by many that he has a high destiny before him, and will some day be Prime Minister.

Mr. Smith is the son of a man, who had a somewhat varied career—being consecutively, soldier, theatre-manager, teacher of Greek and Latin,

land-agent and finally barrister, dying at the early age of forty-two. The son had an up-hill fight, but by winning scholarships, he was able to work his way through Oxford. He became a Fellow, a lecturer to various colleges, and he also earned money by traveling about the country as a University Extension lecturer on Modern History.

Even as an undergraduate he distinguished himself as a sparkling speaker at the Union. Once the famous Sir Wilfrid Lawson came down, and opened a debate on seditionism. Young Smith attacked him; and I remember one night he told me that, though he was proud of the manner in which he secured the enthusiasm of the House of Commons on the occasion of his first speech, it was nothing to the enthusiasm he stirred up amongst his fellow collegians when he went for the daughter Sir Wilfrid. He rose to distinction and became President of the Union, and was in the chair one night when a debate was opened on Home Rule, with Mr. John Dillon on one side and the late Colonel Sanderson on the other.

"Smith of Wadhwa" became a personality in Oxford. His great natural gifts made scholastic progress comparatively easy, and gave him plenty of time for rowing, cricket, and particularly football. He was bright, gay, a captivating conversationalist, and scores of young fellows made him their idol.

In 1899 he was called at Gray's Inn and proceeded to build up a reputation as a barrister. He lived in London, but kept in touch with the political situation in his old home, City of Liverpool. At first he was Unionist candidate in the Scotland Division against T. P. O'Connor, but lost the election. He won his contest in 1905, however, in the neighboring Walton Division.

His life has been one sweep of success. You must search wide to find a young fellow who, in such a short span of years, has done so much and done it all so brilliantly.

Mr. Smith is, of course, a vigorous upholder of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's steel policy. In the dark days of the beginning of 1906, when the Unionists had received such a rebuff from the

electorate, when many persons thought that Tariff Reform had been crushed, and some Unionists were in a rather wailing attitude, there was no wailing about the member for Walton. He stood up in the House, and in ringing tones proclaimed himself "an unrepentant Tariff Reformer."

The British public likes straight speaking and hard hitting. That partly explains why Mr. Smith is so popular on the platform. There is no mistaking what he means. There is no wailing the political tight-rope, gently balancing pros and cons. He walks the tight earth. If anybody gets in his way, so much the worse for the other individual.

I have heard it alleged in Unionist circles that Mr. Smith is "not particularly" in the manner in which he deals with his opponents. Perhaps not. He is not a kid-glove orator. He knows the things which appeal to the working man, and how to present a case which will interest them. In these circumstances gentleness is regarded in political circles as weakness.

When Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill, with their striking personalities, their range of oratory and invective, put forth their power to sway huge congregations of excited politicians, Mr. F. E. Smith was the one man on the Unionist side who met them on their own ground. Being sturdier, he recognized that like must be met with like; that when the boss of



F. E. SMITH, M.P.

dislike is being poured upon you it is not sufficient to answer with pleasant talk and the attentions of public life.

So, during the last General Election, Mr. Smith threw aside all his private concerns, neglected his practice, and started a campaign which at once made him one of the most popular and most hated politicians in the land. He followed his opponents about, attacked them furiously, and roused so much resentment amongst Liberals and members of the Labor Party that frequent endeavours were made to prevent him being heard. Never once did he shrink facing a hostile audience.

He went down to address a big meeting in the Free Trade Hall, at Manchester. About six thousand persons were inside and about six thousand outside struggling to get in. When Mr. Smith arrived he had to push himself through the dense throng and meet a heavy shoulder conflict with a burly individual who was excited. Mr. Smith asked him why he was in such a hurry? The reply was that he wanted to get in to hear that sanguinary P. E. Smith. "Well," replied our hero, "I am that sanguinary Smith, and if you do not help me to get in you will never hear that sanguinary P. E. Smith speak."

Here is the place to throw a little light upon a phase of our public life

Foreigners cannot understand why British men can be such bitter political antagonists and yet be the closest of personal friends. Yet there are many striking instances. One of these is a strong personal friendship between Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. P. E. Smith. The reason is that they saw beyond the politician and admire the man.

They have even gone holidays together; they are neighbors in Kensington Square. Mr. Smith's little son is called Winston.

Last Christmas, when there was a momentary lull in the political strife, Mr. Smith was a fellow-guest with Mr. Churchill of the Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim Palace. Yet probably Mr. Smith had just come away from a meeting denouncing Mr. Churchill's "violence and malignity," and securing him for being the High Priest of the New Religion of the Supreme Being—meaning himself.

Mr. Smith went straight from Blenheim Palace to address a meeting of his constituents at Liverpool, and when he came to his complimentary reference to Mr. Churchill there were some cheers. "I make no complaint of those cheers," said Mr. Smith. "Three years ago we—the Unionists—were cheering him; six years from now the Socialists will be cheering him; after that I do not know that anybody will be cheering him."

On the Engineer's "Run"

No man eludes death oftener or more narrowly than the locomotive engineer, says Mr. Thaddeus S. Dayton, writing in *Harper's Weekly*. On a fast train the danger threatens and is gone in a fraction of a second. The writer goes on to tell of some of those "close calls" which every engineer must reckon on as part of the day's work. There are a few cases, we are told, when Providence steps in and averts a disaster, which seems inevitable.

The most remarkable instance of this sort happened many years ago on a railway in eastern Minnesota. The story was told recently in the official organ of the Order of Railway Conductors.

One summer morning a twelve-car train containing the members of a Sunday-school was bound for a picnic at a

point about fifty miles distant. Although the sky was cloudless when the excursion started, the train had not proceeded more than half-way when a thunder-storm broke. The rain fell in torrents. The engineer was worried for fear the terrific downpour might cause a washout or a spreading of the rails, and he slowed down to about thirty-five miles an hour.

As the train swung around a curve and approached a small station which it was to pass without stopping, the engineer, peering through the broken curtain of rain, saw that the switch just ahead was open. It meant a terrible disaster. He closed his throttle and put on the brakes in an instant.

"Better stick to it," he shouted to his fireman.

"I mean to," was the answer. "God help us all!"

His last words were drowned by a terrific crash of thunder which came simultaneously with a flash of lightning that

seemed to strike the ground just ahead of the engine. The next thing they knew they were past the station, still riding safely on the main-line rails.

The train came to a stop, and the engineer and conductor hurried back to discover what had happened and how the train had passed the open switch. They found that the lightning had struck squarely between the switch and the rail and had closed the switch.

"That was the act of God," said the engineer.

More often the story of a close call is "a tale of quick-thinking heroism." We are told of an engineer whose presence of mind saved a score of lives in Newark, N.J., one December day a few years ago:

A freight train was going up a steep grade about half a mile from the station when the couplings broke between the third and fourth cars from the end, and they began to roll down hill at a terrific speed. A lone passenger train had just started, was standing directly in the path of the runaway cars. The engineer of the passenger train saw the approaching danger and realized in a flash that the co-running cars must be stopped at all hazards before they reached the station. Otherwise there would be a terrible loss of life. He uncoupled his engine, sprang into the cab, and opened the throttle. The big engine bounded forward like a spirited horse circling round a whip. At the last moment before the collision the engineer shut off steam and jumped. He landed unharmed in a heap of clinders. The engine crashed into the runaway cars, and an instant later there was nothing left of the locomotive or the cars but a mass of wreckage. At least a hundred lives were saved by the engineer's prompt action.

Occasionally a fastening of one of the great driving rods will break. Then at every revolution of the wheel to which the other end is attached, the great steel bar, weighing several thousand pounds, will come "Swinging like a Titan's flail," beating three hundred strokes a minute.

No disaster comes so unexpectedly and is so much dreaded as this. Almost invariably it happens when the engine is running at high speed. When a driver breaks, it is a matter of the men in the cab escape with their lives. If they do survive, and by their heroism succeed in stopping the train and avoiding a wreck, despite the rain of blows from this huge flail of steel, their rest brings

forth a greater measure of praise than almost any other form of bravery that the railroad knows.

Only the other day one of the driving rods of a fast passenger locomotive broke while the train was running more than sixty miles an hour down the steep grades of Fishkill Mountain. "As an instant the whirling bar of steel had smashed the cab and broken the controlling mechanism, so that it was impossible to bring the train to a stop by ordinary means. The great locomotive lunged forward like a runaway horse that had thrown the rider in its way, however. Later, the engineer, had escaped injury. He crept to the opposite side of the cab and climbed out through the little window upon the boiler to try to reach some of the controlling apparatus from the outside. He was working himself astride along the seething boiler when suddenly the engine struck a curve, which it took at terrific speed. The shock broke the driver's connection from his perilous position, but he saved himself by grasping the boiler-strap. He worked himself down along the unjoined side of the swaying locomotive to where he could open one of the principal steam-valves. A cloud of vapor rushed forth with a tremendous roar. Although robbed of its power, the locomotive did not slacken speed until it reached the bottom of the grade. Then it came to a stop, having been held by little the thrusting of the great driving-rod, which was pounding the upper part of the engine to pieces, grew slowly, and finally it stopped. No one was killed or injured, and not a passenger in the long train knew until it was over of the danger that had been avoided so narrowly. If it had not been for the bravery of the engineer one of the worst wrecks in the history of railroading might have resulted.

One of the most extraordinary close calls that an engineer ever had occurred on a western railroad last year, says Mr. Dayton:

A heavily-loaded "flier" was sailing along one night at between sixty and seventy miles an hour, approaching a broad river that was spanned by a drawbridge, which was sometimes open and sometimes closed. The train was supposed to come to a halt and the engineer to find out. If all was well he would sound the whistle and proceed slowly. On this night, however, the engineer had misheard the bridge with undiminished speed. Fortunately the draw had just been closed and nothing happened.

The engineer's failure to stop at the bridge was the first intimation that the

fireman had of anything wrong. He ran around to the engineer's side of the cab, shot off steam, and applied the brakes. He found the engineer fallen forward, senseless, with an ugly gash in his head. He laid him lay the stone which had inflicted the wound. It was afterward established beyond question that in some inextinguishable way this stone had been picked up by the engine itself while moving at its great speed and hurled into the cab. If the driver had not been closed that night when the "her" rushed across the bridge there would have been another accident which would have added to the story of rail-roading, a mystery almost as deep as any connected with the navigation of the sea.

Such things as these make the engineers fatalists. According to the writer, all of them believe that they will die when their time comes, and there isn't much use of worrying about it. The *Harper's Weekly* article concludes with the story of an engineer on a southwestern railroad who firmly believes that he bears a charmed life.

Several years ago he was handling a long train of refrigerator-cars loaded with fruit from California and running

on express time. It was toward the close of a hot midsummer day. The track stretched for miles straight away over a level plain. In the distance a storm seemed to have broken, and the engineer observed that it seemed to be moving diagonally toward him. In a few minutes he dashed into a torrent of rain, and then, preceded by an ominous hush, he heard the roar of the cyclone. A broad, shallow river spanned by a wooden bridge lay just ahead. Purring through the darkness, the engineer fancied that he saw the funnel-shaped cloud embrace and obliterate the bridge. The next thing that he knew was that he was sailing through the air, and his last thought was that he would land in the river and could not swim.

When he recovered consciousness he was lying in a wheat-field five hundred feet from the track and the debris of the woodwork of the engine. Much to his surprise, he was still alive. He struggled to his knees and saw his fireman crawling toward him. When the storm lulled they made their way to the track and thence to the river. A mass of wreckage almost dammed the stream. In its indescribable confusion they recognized what had been their train. The cyclone had torn the cab free and carried it and its occupants to safety. They were the only ones of the train crew who escaped.

The Puritanic Queen of England

Society opinions in Europe are predicting a revival of Puritanism at the English Court, basing their belief on the character of Queen Mary. A writer in *Current Literature* has collected several of these opinions, which may be taken for what they are worth.

The revolution at the court of St. James's has, in truth, already begun and many of the flippant personages who ornamented the last reign have gone into obscurity. Fashion, it is assumed, are to be serious and sober. Presentations at court will henceforth entail much elimination of ladies with a past. Religion will again become important. Masters will cease to be fies and easy. Bachelors will be more in evidence and jockeys less encouraged. Heroines of the divorce court and the music hall are to be taboo. More im-

portant than all other details combined is the evident fact, as the Paris *Figaro* deems it, that the will of the Queen, instead of the personal preference of the King, is to determine the social recognition and standing accorded to ladies and gentlemen making up what is called society. Smartness has lost the importance it had while Edward reigned, and impeccable respectability has attained a value it seemed altogether to have lost while the late sovereign held sway. Birth and blood are not to be disregarded, but they are to count only when reinforced by virtue of the domestic description.

The Queen is an extremely proper person, and will not countenance the sort of license upon the music hall stage of London, which in the last reign seemed not to violate any one's

sense of propriety. She disapproves of short skirts and advocates reserve in feminine manners. As a royal personage, she is unwontedly silent.

A Vienna paper describes Queen Mary as "the scholar of the royal family."

Her favorite novelist is said to be Tansley, and if we may accept as authentic a story in the Vienna paper, she has kept most of the modern action writers of England out of her library on the ground of their immorality. To the new school of Socialist writers who are so much in the inspiration of Ibsen, the Queen is warmly opposed. To her children she has read aloud all the world-famed fairy stories, the prime favorite in the royal domestic circle being "Alice in Wonderland." The Queen is said also to have read many of the stories of the late Charlotte M. Yonge, and to be a great admirer of Mrs. Gaskell's novels.

In her religious faith the Queen evinces much fervor and devotion.

She is strict in her attendance upon divine service and equally strict in impressing her religious duties upon the members of her immediate family circle. During the lifetime of the late King, the royal lady appointed all the spiritual advisers of the family, or at least that is what the French papers print. Edward VII. never felt the least interest in theology and it is said that George V. is comparatively indifferent upon that subject, but his consort deems theology, says the Paris *Figaro*, a matter of the first importance. It will be extremely difficult to elevate to the bench of bishops any clergyman suspected of heterodox views, for the new sovereign has all the piety of Anne and a devoted taste for the discussion of trinitarian doctrines. She has read much upon these themes, it likewise appears, and she pays much attention to those of the clergy whose religious views seem to her to be sound. It is predicted that bishops will be more popular at court than they have been for the last ten years.

Many other interesting side-lights on the character and habits of the new Queen are given.

She is extremely strict, we read in extracting implicit obedience from every one of her children, even the oldest. Each of them receives a stated allowance—no large sum, it seems—and at the end of every month a statement of receipts and expenditures is required. The habit of saving is encouraged. The Queen's only

daughter has an account in the post office savings department. Her sons are expected to save some of their pocket money. No gifts of any kind can be made to the royal children. They are not permitted to eat outside the royal residence unless they are at school. Their clothes, when not prescribed for formal occasions by the etiquette of their rank, are made under the supervision of their mother. Even the eldest of the princes is said never in his life to have worn either socks or stockings that his mother did not knit.

As a laudator of the prowess of the Queen is already world wide, but it seems from the accounts in the French and German dailies that her Majesty can crochet, embroider, do plain sewing and use the sewing machine. The Queen prides herself most, however, upon her knowledge of lace. As Princess of Wales she lent to the historical lace exposition in London a founce of the famous Honiton lace which was part of the dress worn by her mother, the late Princess Mary Adelaide, on her marriage with the late Duke of Teck. Although an expert in the manipulation of her pillow and bobbin, it is affirmed that Queen Mary never had a lesson in lace-making in her life. She picked it up from her mother, who learned it from her mother, and so the art has been handed down from generation to generation. Queen Mary is said to be so completely at home with her work that she can carry on a conversation and ply her bobbin with nimble fingers at the same time.

Intellectually the Queen is not, the *Figaro* is forced to say, what the world calls brilliant. She never contributes the usual cluck by the daisies in her wit, nor does she seem to manifest the sprightliness for which some of the British Princesses in the past have been so renowned. Her demeanor is characterized by gravity and her addresses are of the sensible sort. Were she not a Queen it might be asserted that she lacks a sense of humor, but when a lady is on the throne of England, the *Figaro* says, such a pleasure is very long to be denied. She has no tendency to egotism. Her Majesty is said to have an innate capacity for homiletics, or rather for the assimilation of homiletics. She will listen with pleasure to very long sermons about her duty to God and when she asks questions of the ladies in the court circle they are as likely as not to have reference to their religious views. Flattery is being banished from around Sunday is always spent seriously and piously, nor are family prayers omitted. Grace is said both before and after meals. The use of newspapers and novels and her sons are allowed beer or ale at dinner.

The Paralysis of Fear

Taking as a text the wide-spread apprehension among many classes of people, at the approach of Hallowe'en, Dr. Orison Sweet Marden, editor of Success Magazine, preaches a sermon on the baneful effects of fear on the human mind and body.

Everywhere we see splendid ability tied up, strangled, and compelled to do mediocre work because of the depressing, discouraging influence of fear. On every hand there are able men whose efforts are nullified, whose ability to achieve is practically ruined by the development of this monster, fear, which will, in time, make the most devoted man irresolute; the ablest man timid and inefficient.

Fear is a great robber of power; a killer of ability. It paralyzes the thinking faculties, turns spontaneity, enthusiasm and self-confidence. It has a blighting effect upon all one's thoughts, moods and efforts. It destroys ambition and strangles efficiency.

Not long ago a prominent interviewer twenty-five hundred persons and found that they had over seven thousand different fears, such as fear of loss of position, fear of approaching want, fear of contagion, fear of the development of some hidden disease or of some hereditary taint, fear of declining health, fear of death, fear of premature burial, and multitudes of superstitious fears.

With thousands of people the dread of some impending evil is ever present. It haunts them even in their happiest moments. It is the ghost at the banquet, the skeleton in the closet. It is ingrained into their very lives and is emphasized in their excessive timidity, their shrinking, self-conscious bearing.

Some people are afraid of nearly everything. They are afraid of a draught; afraid of getting chilled or of taking cold; they are afraid to eat what they want; they are afraid to venture in business matters for fear of losing their money; they are afraid of public opinion; they have a perfect horror of what Mrs. Grundy thinks. They are afraid hard times are coming; afraid of poverty; afraid of failure; afraid the crops are going to fail;

afraid of lightning and tornadoes; their whole lives are filled with fear, fear, fear. Their happiness is poisoned with it so that they never take much pleasure or comfort in anything.

Fear is many people who have a dread of certain diseases. They picture the horrible symptoms, the loss in personal attractiveness, or the awful pain and suffering that accompanies the disease, and this constant suggestion affects the appetite, impairs nutrition, weakens the resisting power of the body and tends to encourage and develop any possible hereditary taint or disease tendency.

It is well known that during an epidemic people have developed the disease they feared, even before any physical contact was possible by which the contagion would have been imparted to them, because they allowed their minds to dwell on the terrible thing they dreaded.

After giving instances of the shock on the human system of sudden fear, Dr. Marden proceeds to ask, what must be the effect of chronic fear.

Now, if terror can in a short time furnish such a shock to the nervous centres as to whiten the hair in a few hours, what shall we say of the influence of chronic fear, worry and anxiety acting upon the system for many years, thus causing a slow suicide instead of a quick one?

Who can estimate the fear and suffering caused by the suggestion of heredity? Children are constantly hearing descriptions of the terrible diseases that carried off their ancestors and naturally watch for the symptoms in themselves.

Think of a child growing up with the constant suggestion thrust into his mind that he has probably inherited cancer or consumption, or something which caused the death of one of his parents and will probably ultimately prove fatal to him! This constant expectancy of disease has a very depressing influence and handicaps the child's chances at the very beginning of his life.

The secret of achievement is concentration. Worry or fear of any kind is fatal to mental concentration and kills

creative ability. The mind of a Webster could not concentrate when filled with fear, worry or anxiety. When the whole mental organism is vibrating with conflicting emotions, efficiency is impossible. The real suffering in life is not so great, after all. The things which make us prematurely old, which wrinkle our faces, take the elasticity out of our step, the bloom from our cheek, and which rob us of joy are not those which actually happen.

An actress remarked to her great beauty has said: "Anybody who wants to be good-looking must never worry. Worry means ruin, death and destruction to every vestige of beauty. It means loss of flesh, wrinkles, tell-tale lines in the face and no end of disasters. Never mind what happens, an actress must not worry. Once she understands this, she has passed a milestone on the high road to keeping her looks."

What a splendid thing it would be if the habitual worrier could see a picture of himself as he would have been if his mind had always been free from worry! What a shock, but what a relief it would be for him to place beside this picture another one of himself as he is; prematurely old, his face furrowed with deep worry and anxiety wrinkles, shora of hopefulness and freshness, a picture in which he looks many years older than in the other where he appears fresh, vigorous, optimistic, hopeful, buoyant.

Then the remedy is applied and, with encouraging and uplifting words, Dr. Marden presses home his point.

What is fear? Whence comes its power to strangle and render weak, poor, and inadequate the lives of so many? Fear has absolutely no reality. It is purely a mental picture. It is but a legacy of the imagination. The moment we realize this it ceases to have power over us. If we were all properly trained, and were large enough to see that nothing outside of ourselves can work us harm, we would have no fear of anything.

I differ from a physician who has recently stated that the emotion of fear is as normal to the human mind as courage. Nothing is normal which destroys one's ability, blights one's dreams, or strangles ambition. This physician evidently confuses the faculties of caution, prudence and forethought with the fear thought that blights, destroys, and kills.

The faculties of caution and prudence were given us for our protection from danger, to keep us from doing things

which would be injurious, but there is not a single saving virtue in fear, as the word is used ordinarily, for its very presence cripples the normal functions of all of the mental faculties. The Creator never put into His creatures that which would impair efficiency, cause distress or destroy happiness. The exercise of every normal faculty or quality tends to enhance, promote and increase the best in us. Otherwise it would not be normal. We might as well say that discord is normal and therefore a good thing, as to say that fear is normal.

Every time you feel fear coming into your mind, shut it out as quickly as possible and apply the antidote—fearlessness, assurance. Think courage. Picture yourself as absolutely fearless. Say to yourself, "I am so coward. Cowards fear and cringe and crawl, but I am a man. Fear is not a child's frailty. It is not for grown-ups. I positively refuse to stoop to such a degrading thing. Fear is an abnormal mental process and I am normal. Fear has nothing to do with me. I can not endure any fear. I will not budge. I will stand up and fight to do with it. I will not allow it to cripple my career."

Whatever your vocation or condition in life, be sure that you get rid of fear, that you get it out of your life, root and branch. You will never obtain free, unhampered self-expression otherwise.

It is a curious fact that everything that is disagreeable assumes exaggerated shape at night. Financial embarrassments, an overdue note or unpaid mortgage which we can not meet, takes a most serious form in the awful silence of the darkness. Even little things, which merely annoy us during the day, sometimes have lost much of their imagination is then extremely active, because all the objective processes are shut out of the mind, and it pictures evil with great vividness and sharpness of outline.

How changed everything is in the morning! What awful imaginations which robbed us of sleep have lost much of their hideousness, and we feel ashamed that we should have allowed troubles that are insignificant in the daytime to grow into mountains and torture us.

As long as you are afraid of poverty and have a horror of coming to want, your mind attracts the very thing you dread. Fear saps your courage, kills self-confidence, paralyzes initiative, totally unfits your mind for productive work and makes you less and less able to endure hard conditions. You will never be anything but a beggar while you think a pauper's thoughts or bear

a beggar's attitude. You will be poor while you live poverty, think failure thoughts and dread failure. What you think determines your destiny; thought controls fate.

If you keep the thought of disease out of your mind, you will more easily keep the reality out of your body.

When the human mind is perfectly

free, the body will come into perfect harmony with the body follows the mind. It is only a reflection of the habitual thought. What we think and what we have thought make us what we are. If we think slavery, if we are convinced that we are slaves of disease, we are slaves. We never shall get physical freedom until we get mental freedom.

A Day With a Mannequin

What is a mannequin? some may ask. Perhaps a mannequin may best be described by an incident recorded at the opening of an article on the subject in the *Strand Magazine*.

At four o'clock on a summer's afternoon, while all the fashionable world was in the Park, a taxicab stopped at the Marble Arch and an elegantly-dressed young lady alighted. Her figure, her carriage, the cut and material of her frock—all her appointments were of the most alarming description, and her pose and attitude, choosing the right-hand path, she continued slowly, gracefully, until she reached the crowded lawn in front of Stambpe Gate, where she passed for perhaps ten minutes, the object of all observation. She then proceeded onwards to the next cluster at the Achilles Statue, where she again passed this time for five minutes, displaying her frock and misdeeds to the greatest advantage. At the expiration of half an hour, still alone, still dignified, still serious, perhaps (if one scrutinized her closely enough) a little wistful, the beautifully-gowned young lady passed out at Apollo House driveway, hailed another taxicab, and was driven rapidly to Bond Street.

Who was she? Why had she come? Had she expected to meet someone? Briefly, this young woman was a missionary. For fear of being misunderstood, let me hasten to add that there are missionaries and missionaries. This was a missionary in the cause of dress.

She promulgated the fashionable thoroughfares of London in order to focus upon her clothes, the gaze of admiring women, who would as a result be anxious to secure something of a similar nature for themselves. A fortnight later on perhaps several

other ladies appear in the Park, all wearing dresses obviously based on the lovely apparition. But what a difference! It is not that the dresses are less beautiful but the wearers cannot carry them with the same grace.

The mannequin is a new institution. A few years ago the very word was unknown in London dressmaking establishments, just as it is still little known in New York. We spoke of "a dress or cloak model" or "one of the young ladies in the show-room," but "mannequin" would have been an as intelligible as "chador" a few years earlier. Both words are French designations; but what a gulf separates a stoker from a chauffeur, or a mannequin from a "show-room model."

Court dressmakers now advertise for mannequins in the newspapers, and a far more refined and educated class of girl answer the advertisements than ever applied for such situations in the old days. Fashionable Englishwomen become so keenly interested in dress, in their ignorance many of them suppose that the character is something to be assumed "just for fun"—a mere matter of trying on beautiful garments without either skill or training on their part. Certainly there are some who are born mannequins, who combine a healthy and graceful figure with a passion for wearing lovely clothes which they cannot afford. Such is the case of the founder of the Mannequins' Club, a country parson's daughter, who frankly confesses that she revels in her duties.

"I might have been a tyrist, a self-ragiste or a greuse on the stage," she says. "I became a mannequin. I wear forty thousand pounds' worth of dresses a year. No Princess in Europe does that. I gorge my soul all day in color and ornament, and there is no reaction except the one of slight physical fatigue which would exist in any call-

ing. Moreover, I am independent, and am earning my living. I am admired all day long, without boring an audience by pretending I can act."

But this belongs to the romance of the mannequin. The primary essential is that she should possess a good figure and the social historian of the future may find a table of her proportions valuable—such as a twenty-two to twenty-three inch waist measurement; forty to forty-two hip measure; and a thirty-four to thirty-six bust. The wearing of a forty-two inch skirt is the guide for height. Other dimensions—such as length of arm and breadth of shoulders, have also to be considered. In many establishments, especially those in Paris, the slightest deviation from the lozenge scale will debar a candidate. But that is not all that is imperatively required. There is grace of movement and carriage and deportment.

"I am very sweet," remarked a modiste to a beautiful girl who had presented herself. "But there is a suggestion of jerkiness in your eye. Otherwise you are perfect. Good morning!"

Robust health and good spirits—a temper that is never ruffled—are also indispensable. Most of us have had visions of a life of charm, graceful young women displaying the latest Paris fashions or the "creations" of Hanover Square all bright and smiling, as if they were enjoying themselves immensely. Some of them are. Others lead the role of a doll's courtiers. There was a recent Paris law-suit where the reason alleged by the proprietor of an establishment in the Rue de la Paix for dismissing his mannequin was that his customers complained that she looked "disagreeable and fatigued." In another establishment loitering attitudes or awkward movements are punished by a fine. "Fined for loitering twice, two francs." "Ah, a fine a loll. Cheap luxury."

The mannequin assists at the birth of many famous "creations." With the mannequin before him as inspiration, a milliner or dressmaker can picture results, which he gives in detail to the draughtswoman. She makes a sketch

of them. Materials are then bought and patterns cut to match the design. In three days more the idea is complete and the mannequin is wearing the new design.

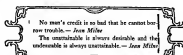
There is, as I have mentioned above, a Mannequins' Club, which meets (some members at least) at its daily at a certain tea-shop not far from Hanover Square. It deserves to be famous. The modest boast of its fifteen members is that it is the best-dressed club in Europe. But perhaps this is not quite accurate. As a club it is distinctly not well-dressed, which is hardly remarkable considering the average income of its members does not exceed thirty shillings a week. But they have their moments, and ere the bus hears this one to Camden Town and this other to Piccadilly one over-hears such talk as this—

"I wore to-day three street gowns, four new tea-gowns—very chic—five evening gowns, and a Court robe, with a train of silver cloth studded with pearls."

"Really? You must have looked charming." (Not a syllable, by the way of her interlocutor's being overdressed, as a chance auditor might expect.) "As for me, I wore eight evening gowns and two Court gowns, one with a perfect dream of a train of azure brocade, trimmed with old lace."

When we have followed a mannequin through her long day of continual costume changing, incessant posing, perpetual change of the seat of the respectable bar figure; standing in this light or in that, parading the length of the show-room or just taking a few steps, we must not think that we have seen the whole of her work. During the slack hours, when she is not on show for customers, the mannequin is used as a living block for the trying-on of sample costumes. For this she must pose as a dancer, who fits and retts and takes off a garment a dozen times.

She must also pose frequently for the photographic fashion-plate is gradually supplanting the hand-made variety, especially in Paris; and it is itself something of an art to make an effective display of the points of a costume before the camera.



The Business Management of Cities

As James Oliver Curwood points out in *The Book-keeper*, it is in the smaller centres of population in the United States and Canada, that the greatest strides have been made in the direction of business-like municipal government. We read a great deal about the movements in the big cities, but we know very little about what is going on in the towns.

Mr. Curwood prefaces his article with an interesting story about Marshall Field's attitude towards civic administration.

The mayor of Chicago and one of his chief lieutenants once paid a visit to the late Marshall Field to discuss with him a municipal program upon which the city's head wanted the advice and possible co-operation of the great merchant prince. The visit consumed the greater part of an afternoon, during which Mr. Field piloted his guests on a sight-seeing tour "behind the scenes" of his world-famous store. When it was over, the mayor of Chicago laughingly said:

"Now, Mr. Field, if we could only run Chicago as you run your department store—"

He got no farther, for in an instant he had touched upon a live wire.

"If you could," cried Mr. Field earnestly, "you would have a model town for the world to follow, and would make our taxation per capita lower than that of any other city in the United States. If you could run this city like a department store it would be an investment for the people that would pay them an annual dividend of millions of dollars. But it would have to be run like a department store, and not like a junk-shop. The city has its departments, shops and scores of them; this store has its departments, hundreds of them. Here the head of every department is a specialist in his line, a specialist. My 'lins' man knows nothing of boots and shoes, and he is the best I can hire. My 'silk' man saves me thousands of dollars annually, because he is a specialist. What would you think of my business methods if I placed a skilled dry-goods man at the head

of a grocery department? Yet that is just what is happening in our experiments in municipal ownership. I know of a man who has been in the wholesale hardware business for 40 years, who has been placed at the head of a municipal lighting plant. It is such unbusiness-like and undepartment-store-like methods that will kill the municipal ownership idea in this country."

Canada, according to Mr. Curwood, has been making a splendid fight during the past eight years to demonstrate the efficiency of municipal ownership. He quotes Sir Wilfrid Laurier's dictum, "Municipal ownership proves itself a failure where the cost is placed before the horse. Towns and cities must be governed by the will of its business men instead of its politicians, and municipal ownership will successfully follow."

Having special facilities for studying the question, Mr. Curwood throws some interesting light on the movement in Port William and Port Arthur.

In 1907 the writer was detailed to make a study of the municipal ownership movement in Canada, which had then reached the height of its popularity. The whole country was aglow with promise, from Toronto to the western mountains. Three out of four western towns and cities had already inaugurated municipal ownership, or were planning to do so, being in that form or another, and upon paper it looked as though taxation would no longer be a thorn in the flesh to Canadian citizens. In the twin cities of Thunder Bay, Port Arthur and Port William, each with a population of about 15,000 people, enthusiasm ran so high that there were those who said the towns would shortly pay dividends to their citizens! With one exception there was not a franchise in the two cities not owned by the citizens themselves. That one exception was the Bell Telephone franchise. The wires and poles of the company were still in the streets, but were regarded by the peo-

ple as practically worthless, as seven out of eight telephones used were those owned by the cities. The citizens of Port William owned their electric light and telephone systems, their water works and even a municipal theater and a city dance hall! Port Arthur owned the electric railway of both towns (now jointly owned), its electric and telephone systems, its water works and 1,500 acres of valuable land fringing the Bay, which meant about one-half acre for every taxpayer. Everyone was paying—at that time, and taxes had been reduced. The municipal theater, seating 900 people, was paying 8 per cent. on the investment, and would have paid twenty had the people of Port William been in the business for money alone. The telephone was paying, the railways seemed to be paying, and the municipal ownership scheme had reached such a point of "perfection" that the conductors on the city street cars were city policemen! Most important of all, the power plant, the pride of Port Arthur, had been built and equipped at a large expense on the Current River just outside the city limits. "In a few more years," said the optimist, "Port Arthur will be earning money to such an extent for its citizens that it will pay dividends, like a mining stock."

Almost immediately came the smash. So quickly that it staggered "municipal overtures," the whole municipally owned mechanism began going to pieces. Within a year, the tide of paper had become enormous losses in reality, and both cities suddenly awoke to the fact that the entire running scheme as perfected and advertised by their citizens was wrong. All the trouble was due to one thing—and business management. Politics still ran the towns instead of the business man, and like a deluge of ice water came the stunning realization that politicians could not run a municipally owned town without ruining it. For the first time it dawned upon the people that a grain elevator man could not profitably run an electric lighting plant, or a shoemaker govern intelligently in the affairs of a modern trolley line. It was laughable to some outsiders and at first a great deal of fun was poked at Port Arthur and Port William. Said one Port Arthur man to the writer: "Because a man can make good order and can make the most of a barrel of apples, it is reasonable to suppose that he can achieve the same

success in making electric 'juice' for running of a railway? That's about the way we've reasoned here."

From that time the business men of the twin cities began making a tremendous fight. A non-political party arose which made the head of each municipal department a highly skilled and highly paid official—an expert electrician for the electrical department, an expert telephone man for that department, and so on. But it was not long as has been an uphill fight because the towns made such serious blunders in municipal ownership at the start, and new conditions are only now beginning to evolve themselves out of chaos. Last year it was found that on account of the rapid growth of Port Arthur the power plant which was to supply the city "for a quarter of a century" could no longer satisfactorily light the town and run its cars! As Mr. Laurier said, "The cart was placed before the horse" in Port Arthur, and once municipal affairs are bled up in this manner it is not as easy to make the proper changes as one might suppose.

The experiences of Port Arthur and Port William, however, have formed a tremendously valuable object lesson for every other town and city in Canada, and these towns and cities have profited by "looking on" just as American towns and cities are profiting by Canada's experiences as a whole. While Port Arthur has been struggling to right herself, scores of places west of the twin cities have come under the actual and absolute control of business men, and municipal ownership is achieving its deserved successes on their side. Kenora, with a population of 7,500, runs its own electric light and telephone systems at a profit which costs down the rate of the city of Montreal, France, with only 1,800 people, water, sewerage and electric light systems are being effected under municipal control. There are only two of seventy-eight cities and towns west of New Ontario that have either developed or are planning to develop the municipal ownership idea, and with only five exceptions these places are evading the greatest peril to municipal ownership by placing skilled men at the heads of departments.

The business man is coming into control of civic affairs in the United States also, though the movement is at least three years older in Canada.

Porfirio Diaz, the Uncrowned King of Mexico

For the eighth consecutive time, Porfirio Diaz has been chosen president of the Republic of Mexico, a record unique in the annals of republican government. A short character sketch of him, as one of the great men of modern times is contributed to *Great Thoughts*, by James Johnston.

For above a quarter of a century his will has been practically supreme in Mexico, the present wealth and prosperity of which country may not unjustly be entirely credited to his vigorous government. In spite of being frequently described as a despot, he has provided for Mexico such aids to liberty as free schools, a free press, and a free ballot. Upon the point of personal habits President Diaz celebrates the ancient simplicity of Spartan rule, his cuisine is perfectly plain, the driver wearing no liver, and, not seldom, the President suffers the use of the democratic transfer to even that. His courtesy and civility to all who come into contact with him have been the theme alike of travelers and of residents in the country.

That the wonderful achievements and elevation of President Diaz compared with his humble origin romance has scarcely a more dramatic page.

Born of peasant rank at Oaxaca, on September 15th, 1833, Porfirio Diaz left the primary school at seven, went and helped for a year in the country store of Jacinto Vasconcelos; then attended the secondary schools till he was fourteen, and later entered the seminary. He had been designed by his parents for the Church, but after a brief course in theology he decided to turn to law. The season had failed, his mother was forced to sell her lands and this chance of profession snatched the influential friends of the family. But the boy supported himself by tutoring and by a petty librarianship and completed his four years' course in the Institute. Before graduation he was made Professor of Roman Law and then entered the law office of Governor Juarez and Marcos Perez.

As a youth, he excelled in Mexico's national rodeo-horsemanhood—and, at an early period took the field as a revolutionist. Throughout something approaching five and twenty years, Diaz spent his life in the saddle, engaged in skirmishes, guerrilla fighting, sieges, attacks, etc., of the most extraordinary and thrilling kind. Leading a charmed existence and escaping a thousand perils, he eventually emerged the strong man destined to devote himself to the building up of his native land on lines of constructive and pacific policy. "His was the most prominent figure," a writer documents emphatically, "in the last and most bloody of the revolutions of Mexico. His personal courage, his dash, the extraordinary audacity of his combinations, enabled him to crush his enemies until they were without even home. Yet when his enemies in the field had raised him to the position of virtual Dictator, he turned to the arts of peace, rescued his country from anarchy, ruthlessly cut down wasteful expenditures, restored credit and financial stability, instituted a system of education, and made life and security as safe as there are in advanced European countries. What he has accomplished is the strongest evidence and originality

of his mind." This, he it noticed, in a land which for more than half a century, from 1823 till 1876, had a record of chronic disorder and civil war.

Within the period just named, Mexico had fifty-two presidents or dictators, an emperor, and a regency; and in nearly every case the change of administration was brought about with violence, a marked proportion of these rulers being ultimately shot by some opposing faction. Of this group the most successful was the celebrated Benito Juarez, who passed away in 1873.

In the light of recent Mexican annals, President Diaz stands in line with the greatest makers of Latin Republics in South America, with Bolivar, with General Rosas, of the Argentine Republic, or, again, if a European comparison may be drawn, Diaz combines in himself the superb qualities which gave Garibaldi and Cavour respectively, world-famous renown.



PORFIRIO DIAZ
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Mexico is the oldest country in the New World, with an unmistakable civilization a thousand years back. Yet no country has passed through such vicissitudes. From the Toltecs in the early days, through the Aztec Empire, to the Spanish conquest in 1519, then three centuries of oppression, followed by fifty years of disorder, it never had a chance to progress until Porfirio Diaz became its head.

Edward, the King of France

The affection which the French people had for King Edward has been the subject of much comment since the sovereign's death. No better picture of the way in which this affection was manifested has yet appeared than in John F. Macdonald's contribution on the subject to the *Fortnightly Review*.

Upon the occasion of his private visits in Paris, en route for Biarritz, all Paris turned out, at some hour or another, to see and "salute" the royal traveler. Crowds assembled to cheer him on his arrival at the Gare du Nord. M. Bertrand, the small bourgeois, and his wife and the little Bertrands "occupied" many chairs on the Champs Elysees, in order to catch a glimpse of the King as he drove out into the Bois. Numbers of other Parisians joined outside the shades of his Majesty's intimate friends—the red-chambré of General de Galliffet, the late mansion of the Duc de Tallierand-Périgord, the vast studio of Edouard Detaille; old, dear friends the King never failed to visit. The General was supplied with rhesmatism, the Duke (formerly the elegant, dashing Prince de Sagan) had been stricken down by the dead-end paralysis.—"Edouard remembers his friends. That is Edouard all over," remarked Paris. Then, a call upon wonderful Rodin, calls in the Faubourg St. Germain, dinner at the Hotel Bristol or the Cafe Anglais (the last of the quiet Empire restaurants), and the

theatre. Two private boxes thrown into one for the King and his suite. Marmura all over the house when his Majesty entered. "I love he appreciates the subtleties of our language," exclaimed the stall-holder, when King Edward laughed. "Edouard s'amuse," said the gallery. "He is the most Parisian of kings," said the upper circle. The fact was, the spectators were more interested in the King than in the play. They waited for him to give (as the French journalist has it) the "signal for applause." They were out of the theatre in time to see "Edouard" step into his electric car. Hats off, more cheers—and a smile of acknowledgment from "Edouard de la France."

"Edouard!" The workman, the cocher, the charming "midnight" Gavrahe the street gamin, the "sergent de ville," the pretty barbed-girls from the "bains-nuages," all were devoted admirers of King Edward the Seventh. I have heard a "sergent" say to a colleague—"Edouard drove by ten minutes ago. Naturally, I saluted. Edouard! I swear it—popped his head. Well, now what, it is something to be noticed by Edouard!" Then, this appreciation from a Gavrahe to another Gavrahe—"Chao, chao, chao. A shining hat, a buttonhole of carnations, a white waistcoat, a big rig! I cried 'Vive Edouard'—and he smiled. Mon peti, I assure you he smiled!" And next, the charming "midnight" who works in the fashionable "dressing" shops in the neighborhood of the Hotel Bristol. (Elsewhere, I have already de-

described the doings of the "midnettes" on the Place Vendôme, but these doings were so delightful that I beg leave to repeat myself. Well, at noon, their lunch hour, Mdlles. les Midnettes assembled in front of the Bristol, and there, under the windows of the Royal apartments, Marie the blonde, and Charlotte the brunette, and Juliette the roux, devoured hot fried potatoes and galembets sandwiches, and quenched their thirst with milk and weak wine-and-water drunk out of medicine bottles. Disgusted callers at the hotel—even the solemn porter at the door—smiled upon the scene. "Edouard will not drive out for another half-an-hour," said a friendly "sergeant de ville." "On s'attendait, vous savez," replied the girl. "Here he is—attention," excitedly cried the constable, when the thirty sinnettes were up. And then what shall ears from Mdlles. Marie, Charlotte, and Juliette of "Vive le Roi" and "Vive Edouard," and what smiles, and what a waving of handkerchiefs, and—yes, what a throwing of penny bunches of violets when the King himself smiling, raised his hat. The fashionable drowsiness which King Majesty's visits to Paris were disorganizing, returned to their shops, Mdlles. les Midnettes neglected their work in order to describe minute length, the exact impression made on them by King Edouard. Said Mdlle. Marie, "He is all that is distinguished." Said Mdlle. Charlotte, "What style, what supreme elegance." said Mdlle. Juliette, "Elegant, superb, elegant." And sighed faded, sentimental Mdlle. Berthe, the overseer in the room, "He is incomparable."

"Edouard!"

Even in sleepy, obscure villages the King's name was beloved (and here again I venture to repeat myself). The village of Senot, for instance—with a population of four hundred peasants and a rugged, weather-beaten farmer, in sabots and a blue blouse, for mayor. But upon one particular occasion when the Sirentine official, he was wearing slugs, creaking boots, a fat button-hole of rustic flowers, and a wonderful old frock-coat; and was entertaining a number of villagers to a "lunch" (so be it) of hard, roasted aleutics and atrocious sweet champagne in the inn of "The Rabbit hat Limps"

"You have arrived just in time," said M. le Maire, "I am celebrating the birth of the Eternite Cordiale Twins."

Amusement of myself

"Yes, the Eternite Twins," reiterated the Mayor. "They were born—strong, admirable boys—three days ago. And I have named the one Armand, after M.

Armand Fallières, the President of the Republic, and the second Edouard, after your great King."

"Vive Armand! Vive Edouard!" cried the peasants. "Rosalie—Michele—Paule Ale—You love me!—Yes my dear—Dorcy," strangely shouted the landlord, a libidinous soul.

Then, toasts in the atrocious champagne, to Mm. Fallières and to Queen Alexandra. Another to "la vieille Anglaise," after which, of course, I proposed "le bon Français." Pivoting to the village, M. le Maire said, "Tippecary, you are a musician. So play as the two National Anthems." And on the old, rusted yellow-keyed piano of "The Rabbit hat Limps," Hippolyte the peasant, with his clumsy knotted fingers, strummed out the "Marseillaise" and "God Save the King."

"Edouard,"

Thus familiarly and affectionately, was King Edouard the Seventh called by the Parisians.

"Edouard, l'ami de la France."

Paris has seen the funeral procession on the cinematograph, and the spectators have never failed to tune from their seats when, in the hidden orchestra has played Chopin's solemn March, the gun-carriage has passed.

"After it had passed," a French friend tells me, "we all recognised with emotion the dog-Edouard's terrier, who used to be lifted so courteously, as citizens, on the Royal train at the Gare du Nord. Once on the platform, it barked at your Ambassador and at M. Leprieux, the Chief of the Police. How Edouard laughed!" The smallest human accident interested or amused him: a policeman, for instance, being an old woman across the street, a gamin clapping round a lamp-post in order to have a good look at him, a superannuated soldier with a piousness scandal, a street accident (upon which he made inquiries), convalescents taking air in a hospital garden, old Crainquebille with his barrow of vegetables, the chiffonier pecking up cigar stamps—*ouais-ouais-ouais*! Ah, le brave homme, le bon roi! He was Edouard, King of England; but he was also in a measure Edouard, King of France. You know a street in Paris is to be named after him?"

"In which district?" I ask.

"That has not yet been determined," replies my friend. "But it should be in the neighbourhood of Henri Quatre's statue."

In Defence of Baseball Slang

In a recent number of *The Literary Digest*, the editor makes reference to an agitation, which is being carried on by some perists of the press, to eliminate slang from baseball stories and substitute plain English. The extent to which slang is used in the accounts of baseball games may be best understood by a reference to the experience of a New York German paper. This paper had rigorously excluded all English words from its columns, but it finally had to give in when it came to baseball. There was no way of adequately and effectively describing the game without employing the vernacular.

Ever since baseball began, it has had a language of its own. The slang that the baseball writer is accused of slinging so profusely has become inseparably a part of the game. It is not of the bat, it is bred and graphic. It tells its story tersely and always to the point.

There is a picturesqueness in the line of goods handled by the baseball writer that you don't stack up against anywhere else in the paper. The English he uses may not be glorious and some of it may be unintelligible to the common herd, but it is vivid, concise, and usually coherent. And if I remember correctly, my dear old college professor was always strong for vividness and conciseness.

The excitement and exuberance of the game could not be conveyed in ordinary language to the satisfaction of its devotees.

Being picturesque and alive, he demands that whatever is written about the game shall have similar qualities. He refuses to find pleasure in a style that is used in describing a convention, a banquet, or a meeting of the Blacksmiths' Union. He doesn't care about the English of it so long as there is life and vigor in the details that he is reading. To gain this effect the baseball writer has laid most of the hard-and-fast rules he learned in college on the back shelf and has evolved a set of his own that suits his purpose as nicely as

a three-bagger fills the bill with two men on and two runs scored to win.

English that the college professor would O.K. was never intended for the sporting page, least of all the baseball column.

To prove his point the expert presents a baseball report in language designed to pass the censorship of the purist:

The baseball game yesterday between the teams representing the cities of Providence and Rochester, respectively, was one of the most exciting affairs ever seen at Melrose Park. The young men on both teams played marvelously well and proved themselves adept in every department. As Providence made four runs, while its opponent was making three, it won the game.

"Thanks to the ability of Mr. Roy Rock, the Providence short-stop, in hitting the baseball, the men representing this city were able to get their four runs. Mr. Rock distinguished himself by hitting the ball hard in the fifth inning, with two runners on base, sending it so far he was enabled to reach third base before it was retired. Needless to say the two runners scored."

"In the second inning also, Mr. Rock made another long hit which brought in two more runs. His skill in this respect was the subject of considerable favorable comment on the bleachers and in the grand stand."

Now, for comparison follows an account of the same game in the vernacular:

"The Grays and the Hustlers exchanged each other in the final game of the series yesterday afternoon, and the Grays ran away with the candy, 4 to 3. Both teams speckled the ginger bottle at the gateway and danced through the whole performance for the snappiest work of the season."

"Rock was the star with the stick. The little Centerdale lad took the plate with two in the fifth, bumped a header on the trademark, and tipped it to the fence for a triple. He covered in the seventh for a smashing single, and the hustlers serried their counter on his two more tallies tickled the scoreboard."

Athletics as An Aid to Business

The belief that the efficiency of the worker is greatly enhanced by physical training is becoming more and more apparent to the business man. The employer is no longer content to let his employees live without opportunities for improving and maintaining their health and strength. What is being done by some big firms in the United States is described by George Jean Nathan in *Harper's Weekly*.

One of the best examples of how athletics has been made to increase the working value of a business establishment is that of a large life-insurance company. The office building has been equipped with a complete gymnasium and shower-baths, a competent athletic instructor has been retained, and a schedule of athletic work has been mapped out for employees, both male and female. The gymnasium occupies the eleventh floor, and here, during the luncheon hour, directly after business hours, and on specified evenings during the week, the employees are given physical training. The women are provided with a special instructor on Wednesday. There are organized basketball teams during the winter months. In spring and summer the gymnasium is moved up to the roof.

In addition a football team has been organized, and this, together with the basketball and basketball teams, plays off a series of games with the other teams composing the business athletic association known as the Commercial League.

Although athletic exercise in conjunction with business is not insisted upon by the officials of this company, the majority of the employees have entered into the movement with enthusiasm. It is an interesting charade, furthermore, that the efficiency of the great working staff has been found to have increased wonderfully since the "athletic alliance" has been put into practice. The heads of the various departments assert that not only has an esprit de corps been generated, but those of the employees who avail themselves of the athletic schedule are more fit for strenuous work than are those who skip it.

"You will find, too," says the instructor, "that on Thursdays, the day

following the lack of gymnasium work for the men, the employees do not give nearly the impressions of listlessness that they evidence on the other days." The instructor keeps his eyes on the physical condition of the clerks not only during gymnasium hours, but also during the remainder of the departments throughout the day. Thus he is enabled to notice sagging vitality and to suggest to the employees so affected the remedy. The heads of the departments declare that the athletic movement perfected by the officials has succeeded in doubling the efficiency of the different staffs of workers under their immediate charge.

The officials of another life-insurance company, although they have not as yet adopted their athletic-business system to the same extent, have declared themselves similarly in favor of the idea. The president and the associate actuary of the company have provided relief, ease to be granted to those of the clerical staff who show signs of their physical well-being to the extent of winning points at the two yearly office field meets. In addition, three medals are presented in each event as a further stimulus and incentive for the men. At each of these meets, which are attended by the officers in person, all twelve departments of the company are represented on the athletic field. There is a regularly organized football team, and a gymnastic schedule will be put into operation as soon as a gymnasium can be rigged up.

The owner of one of the large department stores is a thorough believer in the value and importance of athletics as a means of furthering the working ability of his employees, and he loses no opportunity to exploit his ideas on the subject. His employees have been encouraged by him to organize an athletic association, and their numerous marches and golf teams have received substantial help from his hands in the way of outfits and playing paraphernalia. In order that the small boys who work in his stores should not be overlooked in his athletic-trade campaign, he has sanctioned and helped along a system of military exercises and drills. For this purpose he has set aside the fourteenth floor of his building. Directly after business hours on

Tuesdays and Fridays the boys, two hundred and seventy-five strong, are put through the exercises. Uniforms and guns have been supplied to them gratis, and every implement is held out to make them indulge in the work. A regularly organized summer camp has been put into operation, and there, in the warm months, the boys are given courses in military training.

Several stores have gathered together their employees into an athletic league that wages contests in such sports as baseball, basketball, bowling, etc. Many firms arrange annual field days for their clerks. During the luncheon hours, the roof of the building of one large department store is thrown open to the clerks, and there, any day, they may be seen going through "breathing exercises," "muscle tests," and like forms of light, though beneficial, exercises. At different times during the year a physical-culture expert is brought to the store to explain to the employees in just what ways they can derive the best results from what we may term "on the spot" exercises—that is, those physical movements incidental to their duties which make for erect carriage, deep breathing, easy stride, and general bodily benefit.

To illustrate more intimately just what is meant by such "on the spot" exercises, the best example is to be had from the sources of physical instruction that have been given to the employees of this same department store. The

young women have been formed into classes, and, on one of the upper floors of the building, have been given an odd schedule of instruction in exercises by a woman who has made a study of so-called "shop physical culture." The women clerks are taught the proper way to reach for boxes from the shelves, the best way to handle the boxes, the most beneficial way to walk and sit, the proper way to breathe, the best manner in which to pile up heavy rolls of drygoods to sum up, the way in which to build up their bodies through attention to the seemingly minor details of their work. The idea has proved itself productive of good results. The firm maintains a home on the Jersey coast where its women clerks are sent during the summer months to add to their store of health. It is interesting to note, in addition, that the firm employs a physician to keep a constant watch on the condition of its employees, that it has a hospital department in conjunction with its establishment, and that, finally, it hires a chiropodist whose sole duty it is to look out for the care of the feet of those of its clerks whose duties keep them constantly standing or walking about the store.

The shop-gymnasium movement has spread throughout the manufacturing districts of the Eastern States. Athletics has come to be a valuable adjunct to trade. The movement has already assumed considerable proportions, and the results may be taken as assurance of that spread doubly sure.

The Motor Car as An Agent for Good

The contention that the automobile serves no good purpose and is indeed a danger to the community receives a vigorous denial in the Motor Age. It has its economic advantages.

Those who fail to see the real merit of a motor-car will naturally want to know how it increases the productivity of the owner. This is readily answered by taking the case of any practicing physician who employs a motor-car to visit patients, instead of his discarded horse-drawn vehicle. Physicians in every State in the Union admit that their earning-power has been in some cases quadrupled by the motor-car. Their value as individuals has been increased because of the time saved by

means of swifter transportation and also means of increased health, due to shorter commutes. It has made possible the motor-car. The ease of the motor-car adding to the productivity of the individual in the case of the physician, is but one of the many examples.

It is no acknowledged fact that the motor-car is an agent for good health, and so is directly responsible for a great increase in the producing ability of the individual. It is healthier to see citizens go to his work in his car than to see them in the ill-ventilated smoke on the steam railroad, the elevated train, or the subway. It is a fact that in large cities it was impossible for citizens to get in the open air, the country with horse-drawn vehicles, whereas the motor-

car brings the country to within a half-hour's ride of the business center, of the residential district. This great trend toward increasing the bodily condition of producers is one vast factor of importance in the national status of the motor-car.

Instead of being a non-productive industry, the manufacture of automobiles and their subsequent operation gives employment to a vast army of people.

If the motor-car industry is a non-productive one, then all life industries are non-productive. The motor-car is as essential a means of transportation to-day as is the railroad train, the ocean steamer, the street car, the elevated train, or the horse-drawn vehicle. If the motor-car industry is a non-productive one, and if the able-bodied men engaged in it are withdrawn from productive usefulness, then every person engaged in the manufacture and operation of railroad locomotives, passenger coaches, Pullman cars, street cars, subway cars, elevated cars, horse vehicles of every sort, lake steamers, etc., is also withdrawn from productive usefulness, and a great army of manufacturers engaged in manufacturing and operating these different vehicles of transportation are as unproductive as the members of a standing army in times of peace. Mr. Talbert has apparently overlooked entirely the fact that the progress of the world has ever been and ever will be commensurate with the progress of locomotion. The great aim and goal in transportation is the reduction of the time factor. The bicycle would never have been introduced had it not offered a speedier method of individual locomotion than existed at that time and because it afforded a means that was preferable to horse-drawn vehicles in the minds of great masses. The motor-car would never have been introduced had it not offered a speedier and more comfortable method of locomotion than is possible with horse-drawn vehicles. So it is with every new means of locomotion. It offers advantages over past methods, advances which sooner or later appeal to practically the entire community.

Benjamin Briscoe declares that, to a great extent, the automobile is coming to be a business vehicle rather than a vehicle of pleasure. All cars up to a value of \$1,250 are for a considerable part of the time used for

business purposes—that is, as an aid in one way or another in production. He believes that fully one-half of the cars to which the next two classes belong—that is, cars selling at from \$1,250 to \$2,000 and from \$2,000 to \$3,000—are devoted to commercial purposes, and hence represent improvement in the facility with which production is secured. If we "follow the dollar paid for the automobile" we find that it is distributed in almost countless directions. It becomes wages for working men, it builds homes, educates children, furnishes employment for almost every class and kind of mechanic; moreover it has brought the country nearer the city, raised land values in nearly all sections, cured sick people, made the strong stronger, wiped out border lines, and aided in the work of binding the sections of the country together. H. E. Coffin declares that the money we spend in motor-cars is far surpassed by the sums which are laid out for other things that could be dispensed with. He says:

"We will spend for intoxicants alone during 1910 \$1,500,000,000—five times as much as for motor-cars. During 1910 we will spend for tobacco \$500,000,000—between two and three times as much as for motor-cars. For life insurance we will invest \$500,000,000. Now, we can't help believing that a little economy in the money spent for booze and tobacco might be a very good thing for us all and it would not take very much economy upon these items to buy a lot of automobiles.

"Life insurance is a very good thing—after a man is dead. But unless a man is 88 years of age, and has married a young wife, it is a ten-to-one shot that his family would rather have him spend a thousand dollars for a health-giving and life-prolonging family motor-car than to lay up his coin in the form of a cash consolation after he has been buried. It is barely possible, too, that he might so prolong his life as to take care of the insurance policy, as well as of tires, gasoline, and lubricating-oil."

The Nature of Disease and of its Cure

By

Dr. James Frederick Rogers

A lucid explanation of just what disease is, appears in the *Popular Science Monthly* from the pen of Dr. Rogers, of Yale University. While we are accustomed to regard disease as an evil, Dr. Rogers points out that actually disease is a good thing.

Disease is a life-saving effort of the body, directed by its inner consciousness, in ridding itself of harmful substances within, or of compensating for injured or overworked organs. It is the next best thing to health in that it is nature's way of attempting to bring the body back to that harmonious working of all parts which we call health, and often also of producing protecting substances which prevent future injury from the same source.

In primitive times, disease was explained as the presence in the body of an evil spirit. This spirit disturbed the harmony of the body, causing it to reject and eject food, facking it with pain, burning it with fever and even talking through its lips in incoherent or mysterious utterances.

Such being the cause for his sufferings, the primitive man was prompt to see that the cure should be the driving out of the evil spirit which had taken up its abode in the body, by the most appropriate methods. The medicine man of the tribe assumed a superior knowledge in such affairs and took upon himself the responsibility of dealing with these unseen powers. Working upon the reasonable assumption that what appealed to human senses must also appeal to the dwellers in the spirit realm, that what was agreeable or disagreeable to one must be agreeable or disagreeable to the other, this healer proceeded to make it very unpleasant for the tormentor of the sick man by appearing before him in his most hideous garb, by the repetition of frightful cries and thunderous thumpings upon his tom-tom, while draughts made

of the most vile and disgusting substances were poured down the throat of the victim in the hope that the spirit would be induced to let go his hold and depart. It was the most logical treatment imaginable, and it seemed so proved by the fact that the sick man very often recovered. Nor did the primitive mind stop at the mere driving out of the source of disease, but followed up its success in this direction by equally rational attempts at prevention by the wearing of some magic object to keep away the demon of sickness in the future.

But as time passed men began to note that certain physical conditions had a good deal to do with the presence of sickness. Extremes of heat and cold, dampness, lack of food seemed to be causes of ill-health. Then it was discovered that the application of heat and cold, bathing, rubbing and the use of certain plants, often gave comfort, and thus arose the materialistic cure of disease, and the profession of physicians. But this did not explain disease, and many theories were forthcoming. The discovery that bacteria and their poisons caused disease, only made the question, "What is disease?" more puzzling.

We can no longer look upon sickness as due to the presence within or without us of an evil-natured personality. We must reverse the idea, and say that disease is the manifestation of a good consciousness within us, a consciousness which seeks to maintain life by endeavoring to rid the body of a harmful material presence. We realize through abnormal sensations that we are sick—that the body has undergone a change from the condition of health, but within it is a more elemental intelligence, of which we are not aware, an older, more determined, which, whether we sleep or wake, and even before we are born into con-

consciousness of self, looks after the highly complex and interdependent structures on which life depends, constantly directing its complicated affairs with unerring tactfulness. These functions appear to be the effort made by the body, directed by this deeper mind, is its attempt to rid itself in most appropriate ways of whatever it finds harmful to it, or that threatens its destruction. A fit of vomiting, in which the conscious mind takes a passive and even unwilling part, is but the wise attempt on the part of this inner consciousness to rid the body of that which it finds to be toxic. In the case of the presence of bacteria, they are at once detected by this bodily consciousness, though the higher consciousness is unaware of their presence. The agencies within the blood, capable of destroying the germs and of neutralizing their poisons, are set to work at high pressure. To the higher consciousness and to the observing mind of another person these efforts become apparent in higher body temperature (fever), a more rapid pulse and increased respiration. The bodily machinery is stirred to higher activity, its fires are brightened, and its organs are quickened. Destructive substances are being made in greatest possible amount. The "signs and symptoms" of the disease, or those outward manifestations of internal activity, differ with the kind of germs and with their number. The body working more or less characteristically in each case, so that for each germ the "symptoms and signs" are an index to the cause.

Such a disease or body-fight must "run its course," and, no matter what the treatment, that course can at best only be shortened, or the struggle of the body with its enemy made less taxing by help from without. Where the number of bacteria is large or especially vicious, or where the bodily powers are inadequate for promptly developing its resisting power, the fight of the body may be of no avail, even with the most skillful aid. On the other hand, if the bacteria are few and the bodily powers are vigorous, the patient will recover even with the most abundant treatment. It is easy to see why the medicine men of primitive society and the miracle workers of a later age often succeeded in "driving out" disease and in effecting apparently marvelous cures.

After once having an infectious disease, such as typhoid, or malarial, the body is often exempt from an attack by the same germ. We now know it is not because of special divine favor bestowed upon the individual, but because the body, after passing through one struggle with the bacteria, keeps on hand afterwards a defensive material which

quickly destroys any germs of the same kind which find an entrance.

Even in times of epidemics and among those associated with the sick, a certain number of persons always escape without obvious signs of the prevailing disease. While the germs no doubt often attack such persons, their protective powers are so perfect that the machinery of the body does not have to be put at work in such a degree as to produce any conscious outward signs of the disease.

The inoculation of the body with similar substances to those which the body uses in its fight against disease germs, is a helpful discovery of modern medicine, for it reinforces the body in times of danger.

Mental influence, in stirring up the body to combat attacks upon it, is another helpful method of treatment.

The higher conscious mind is intimately a part of, or a manifestation of, the body, and is affected by bodily conditions of well or ill being. While it can take little part in directing the actions against loss which have gained as entrance to the body, the mental conditions—the emotions of hope or discouragement—indirectly support or depress the whole of the bodily fighting machinery, for the organs through which the mind works is closely connected with every other organ of the body and so influences digestion, circulation and all other functions. Likewise the mind is affected by the bodily states. The ill working of damaged organs may produce a mental state of pain or depression. These organs may be brightened or diminished by mental effort, or may be more or less forgotten, for the time at least, by directing consciousness into some other channel of activity. Disease is, in every case, modified more or less by the mind, and the mental state may sometimes help to determine the success or failure of bodily fight against destructive agencies. If appeal to the mind seems to cure the bodily ill, it does not indicate that the patient would not have recovered anyway, and does not signify that the mind itself effected the return to health. No amount of faith, or other mental state, can take the place of insufficient body-resources—can replace a damaged lung or a missing limb.

Disease being thus the attempt of the body to return itself to its usual condition by aided itself, if destructive agents, the treatment of disease must be directed toward helping the body to this end, by putting the mental and muscular

forces at rest, by proper nourishment and by such antiseptics or drugs as aid it in its natural efforts to rid itself of harmful conditions. Better still are the efforts toward prevention of infectious and other injuries by the avoidance of intemperance in eating and drinking, by breathing fresh air, by cleanliness, and by such other means as the body demands to keep it at its best working power. Lastly, the mind should be trained not, in middle age, to meddle with bodily affairs, save as it observed the laws of hygiene, and it should be educated to deal readily with the trials and vexations of life in a way that will not affect the general health through depressing emotional discharges.

It will be seen that our modern faith healer makes no difference between diseases as regards their cause. In their ignorance, comparable only to that of the primitive medicine men, they deal with all sickness alike. While the condition of the mind has much to do with some diseases, with others it has little or no part in the cause, and the self must work out its salvation through that wise inner body-directing intelligence which the higher mind can not know nor—but to a slight extent—influence. The faith camps, in the context of his ignorance takes the credit for the cures which, through good fortune, pass a grain of mental stimulus, often come to pass under his ministrations, while he who has studied into the physical nature of disease is perfectly aware that when his patient recovers he has only assisted nature more or less in what she would probably have accomplished without his help, though usually not so easily and completely and sometimes not at all. It is this humble knowledge of the limitations of his art that makes the physician more serious in this age, to prevent disease, for he realizes it is much easier to remove the cause than to help the body in its efforts to throw off the attack. By the purification of drinking water he has greatly reduced the amount of disease from typhoid, by turning

pure milk the sickness and death of infancy have become much less; by recommending life in pure air tuberculosis is less frequent, etc. More faith or mind cure has done and can do nothing of the sort. Medical teaching has also warned against interference of all kinds and against other invidious destroyers of bodily harmony.

The physician has in all ages made use of mental treatment, for, no matter what his remedy is physical, there has always gone with it a grain of hope. Where he finds the mind especially at fault he may even appeal to it directly, and thus relieve suffering which had its origin chiefly in mental depression or in a too exuberant and unbalanced imagination. He often succeeds in producing more harmony in bodily working by establishing a happier mental and moral view of life.

As the prevention of the entrance of bacteria or of any other injurious agent into the body is far more economical than the helping to overcome the damages they may produce, so the prevention of unhappiness and unhealthy mental states is far better than an attempt to restore a mind to right habits from which it has lapsed.

In primitive times one minister looked after both the spiritual and bodily health of the individual. As the doctor of medicine later assumed the care of the body, so the doctor of divinity took as his special province the cure of the soul. Mind and body react upon each other, and he who ministers to the one can not but influence the other to some extent. While the priest has abundant opportunity for helping to heal souls in crises, his larger work, like that of the physician, lies in surrounding those he would help with better social conditions, and in detouring, through religious and philosophical training, their individual powers of resistance to the stresses to which the mortal nature is daily subjected. For both physical and spiritual ailments curement is far easier and better than cure.

Luck

By Max O'Rell

LUCK means rising at six o'clock in the morning; living on half you earn; minding your own business and not meddling with other people's. Luck means appointments

you have never failed to keep; the trains you have never failed to catch. Luck means trusting in Providence and in your own resources

System and Business Management

Successful Retail Merchandizing

By

W. J. Pilkington

LET us look at the clerk question for awhile. Mr. Merchant, how do you hire your salespeople? Are you cold-blooded about it, or do you let sentiment run away with your better judgment? The best way to treat an applicant for a position in the store is to go back to your desk and sit down, and have a chair at the end of your desk in which the applicant must be seated before you will talk to him. Be sure to have the applicant so seated that in looking at you he will have to look at a window, and by the way, do this with every one, salesman and all, and you will find it will be a hard problem for any one talking to you to control you with their eyes, when they are looking toward the window.

Look the applicant square in the eye and see if they flinch, for I want to say to you that the person who cannot look you straight in the eye without finching has something wrong some place. Don't hire him, let your competitor hire him. Go into the penitentiary, if you will, and stay there long enough to catch the attention of the prisoners and you will be surprised to find how many of them cannot look you in the eye without finching.

To-day the man who succeeds is the man who can look you right square in the eye with a clean-cut vision. Young man and young lady, as salespersons, do you know that the world is de-

manding of you and I the cleanest lives we can live. It is demanding that for us to be our best, we must be clean inside and out. It makes no difference what your ideas of right and wrong in life are, the principles are laid down there and for you to be your best, you must live according to them.

Another thing, so many merchants discourage the idealist; they discourage the young man or young woman who builds air castles. Do you know you and I will never do big things until we think big thoughts? We will never do anything bigger than our ideals, and if we do not get our ideals large, we will never do large things. Let young people build castles in the air if they will. It is the only building I know of where building material is cheap. And by the way, there are no strikers among the workmen in such a building.

Why, Mr. Merchant, do you know the sculptor and painter, before the chisel strikes the marble or before the brush touches the canvas, have the finished picture in their eye? It is finished in the thought; if it were not, they could not put it into the marble and on the canvas. Encourage ideals, and encourage the young man to want to be something more than a mere clerk. The girls will usually take care of their future employment themselves. The young person who never

expects to be anything more than a mere clerk is not worth drowning.

Another thing, the young person never can make a good saleswoman, or saleslady, unless they have in their make-up that which recognizes and admires the beautiful in life. Imagine if you will some young man who does not admire flowers, who does not enjoy and admire the keener and finer instincts of life, imagine him trying to sell a beautiful piece of dress goods. Do you think he can enthrall over the beauty of the piece of goods when such beauty is not in his life at all? Certainly he cannot. He cannot make the prospective customer enthral over the goods unless he can enthrall himself. Educate your salespeople to like flowers, to like the better things in life and you will discover that these finer instincts will work out into their every-day life.

There is so much, oh, so much in connection with this subject. Do you know, Mr. Merchant, the average person does not even know what a cat's tail is for? Actually do not. Do you think the cat's tail happened to be a cat's tail? Do you think it was put on there accidentally? Well, if it had been, just as like as not it would have been on the other end. The cat's tail is there because he needs it. Watch kitty catch a mouse. Kitty gets all set for the spring, and mousy sees the cat, but pretty soon the cat's tail begins to go back and forth—back and forth, and finally, little mousy begins to wonder what that thing is that moves back and forth. Little mousy's mind gets all set and absorbed in watching that thing moving back and forth—mousy is gone. What did the cat do? Chained the mouse with its tail. And let me tell you a bob-tailed cat has a mighty hard job catching mice.

Mr. Merchant, do you know that if we could get a great big box of cat's tails and put them in our stores, for the salespeople to use, we could get better results. Do you know that that every piece of goods you have in

your store has a cat's tail to it, if you only knew where to look for it. Let me illustrate. When the first national meeting of the Journal readers was held in Des Moines last August, Mr. Jennings, of Jennings Bros., who are in the clothing business, was present. At the meeting I made the statement that the average merchant did not know his goods. Just a short time ago, Mr. Jennings told me I had revolutionized his hat business. He went on to explain that he went home thinking of what I had said, and in selling a hat a few days afterward he discovered he did not have the information he ought to have. He wrote to the hat manufacturers from whom he purchased his hats and he had them send him six processes of the manufacture of a hat, beginning with the raw materials and going up to the process just before the hat is turned out finished. Mr. Jennings has these pieces of a man's hat handy in the hat department of his store. Now when a prospective customer comes in and he finds it a little difficult to keep the man's mind centred on the hat, they hand him one of the pieces of a hat and then they begin talking about the hat. We all realize it is easier to keep the customer's mind centred on the goods if you can get them to hold the goods in their hands while you are talking.

It is often easier, if you can, after handing the prospective customer the goods, to get them back away from the counter, or whatever you are near, so they cannot lay the goods down while you are talking with them. Practice some of these things and you will discover it will be a wonderful help to you and your salespeople. Now you can see what I mean by saying that every piece of goods has its "cat's tail" attached to it. It has the thing which when properly used will hold the attention of the customer. Mr. Jennings simply found a cat's tail in his hat business. That was all. He had gotten next to the principle and used it in his business and he tells us the results are that it has revolution-

ized his hat trade and it will do it for you in any department if you use it as it can be used.

Next, I want to talk to you about advertising. I realize the fact that many, many a merchant tells us that advertising doesn't pay. We hear this statement so often—"advertising don't pay." Mr. Merchant, do you know that advertising to-day is one of the great powers in the commercial world? Go to your news-stand and see there the piles of magazines, two-thirds of their pages and more, are advertising. You say it doesn't pay. Why, dear brother, do you know that to-day advertising is making fortunes so fast, and making it out of advertising, that the recipients of the fortunes cannot spend them. True, some things called advertising do not pay.

To-day the American people are information hungry, information crazy. You and I are always seeking after information. The general magazines of our country have revolutionized many of our ways of thinking and doing. The general magazines come to us month after month full of high-class articles, high-class information, and it has brought about a changed condition in the thinking of the people. I said in a church meeting not long ago that the general magazines of this country were going to revolutionize the preachers of this country, and they will do it. Do you think for a moment that a people who read continually so much of this high-class stuff are going to church to hear a two by four preacher deliver a one by one sermon and be satisfied with it? Mr. Preacher must come up to the general level of the general magazine in the class of information furnished.

If you will take this same principle and put it into your ads, giving the people information about the goods you have to sell it will get results for you. Suppose in the case of Mr. Jennings' hat proposition, why not tell about the manufacture of a hat in your ad? Don't you think people who are educated to seek information will absorb

it? Certainly, they will. And if you will give them this kind of information you will find they will be cutting it out and pasting in into their scrap books for information's sake.

Remember this, there are two things, and only two things, people want to know about your goods. One is quality, and the next how much do you want for them? Philosophize all you wish and these are the only two things people are interested in. By a thorough description of your goods, by showing the people the labor involved in producing them, you add to the value of the piece of goods in the mind of the prospective customer. If you and I could see all the work and sweat and labor involved in the producing of one little iron bolt, that to our minds would instantly take on much more value because we could see that under no conditions could we produce it for the price asked for it. The value of an article is as we are made to see the value in it.

Don't be afraid to use fine print in your advertising matter. The facts are, the direct-to-consumer concerns using our agricultural papers fill their space full of fine print. They get in to it, information which leads people to want the goods. You do the same thing, but remember you must pay the local newspaperman a price for space where he can afford to set your ads, as they ought to be set. It is not a question of what a thing costs, but it is a question of what it will do for you, and this is the only measure of value in advertising. If it takes double the price you are paying for space in order to get it set so it will pull business, pay the price. Don't buy a certain amount of space which you must use whether you have anything to say in it or not. Use from day to day, or week to week, the amount of space you want to use and then quit. Remember in preparing advertising copy, you must draw your argument, your contention, to a logical conclusion and then quit. If you stop any place short of this logical conclusion

you have lost the force of the whole advertisement. Put quality and price into your ads, every time.

Do not think because you see ads. in some of the magazines containing only a few words and no price that is the kind of advertising for you to use. Remember this, Mr. Merchant, there are distinctly two types of advertising, one general publicity and the other selling the goods as a direct result of the advertisement. So many times I find merchants getting confused on these two kinds, or phases, of advertising.

I remember a couple of years ago of dry goods merchants writing me saying that I seemed to be a crank on the use of cuts and the use of long descriptions, and they went on to ask me how I would picture, or describe, a bolt of dress goods. Well, I thought I would fix a lot of these fellows once for all and I took a page in the Merchants' Trade Journal, which I have the honor of publishing and editing, and I think, if I remember rightly, I used pictures of six bolts of dry goods. This was in the Journal. No sooner was this article published than the dry goods merchants began writing me saying, "that is the stuff, if I could prepare that kind of advertising copy, I would advertise dress goods." Now, Mr. Merchant, do you know where I got that copy. Every word of it was copied out of Montgomery Ward & Co.'s catalogue. Worse than this, I photographed the page in Montgomery Ward & Co. catalogue and reproduced it line for line, and yet you merchants say, "That is the stuff." Well, it is, no doubt about it.

When you say you cannot prepare good advertising copy, you more times are mistaken than when you are right. Too often it is a case of "will not" instead of a case of "cannot." Many of you could if you would, but some way or other, either from laziness, carelessness or indifference, will not do it. If you will sit down and put into your advertising the same kind of a selling talk you use when you sell goods over the counter, it

will produce business for you. Some way so many merchants think advertising is rather a hokus pokus business. You seem to think you have to go into a dark room and go through a lot of motions in order to make advertising pay. Well, brother, advertising is nothing but common horse sense.

In speaking of putting information into advertising matter I well remember of an incident in North Tonawanda, New York. I had spoken there at a banquet of merchants and salespeople, and afterward two or three of the local people were called on for remarks, and among them was a prominent attorney. This attorney made this remarkable statement. He said he read seven magazines every month and he read every word of every advertisement, and what do you suppose he said he did it for. His reason was this, he wanted the information in these ads. A month or so after this, I was in a city in Illinois at a similar banquet, and on one side of me sat Mayor Smith, and on the other Judge Pogue. I was telling them of this incident and Judge Pogue said the New York attorney had him beat two magazines. He went on to explain that he read five magazines every month and that he read every word in every ad. in these magazines. I asked the Judge if he objected telling me why he did it, and he said he wanted the information contained in these ads.

Mr. Merchant, if the intelligent reading people are so thirsty for information, why not put in your ads? Give us the information we want and we will read your ads, and be glad to do it. But we are not interested in any statement that your "Spring goods have just arrived" and for us to come in and look at them. This is not advertising, rather, it is throwing your money away. I remember reading in a local paper less than a year ago an advertisement of a certain merchant in a certain town. Across the bottom of the half-page ad. was this remark, "Everything good

to eat, salt, gasoline and strawberries on Saturday." No doubt this merchant thought he was advertising. Well, he was—he was advertising to the business world what a fool he was. Another merchant in the same paper—in July, mind you, went on to tell about it being early to talk of spring house-cleaning and wallpaper, but he was advising the people to engage their wallpaper hanger before spring housecleaning began. Mind you now, in July.

If you retail merchants will use your newspapers as you should use them, it will make fortunes for you. Make your printer set your ads. as you want them and make him show you a proof before they go to press. But remember you cannot do this if you furnish him the copy an hour or two before press time. But you say, you have not time to prepare advertising copy and do it right. Have not time to make money? Have not time to do the things that build business for you? Have not time to use your opportunities? Well, bless your tired soul, what are you in business for, if you have not time to do these things? Are you in business for fun? Have not time, have not time, make time; make it! Quit doing the little things and do the things—the big things—and if you are determined you will not do it yourself, hire some one to do it and see that it is done right. Oh, the trouble with you merchants is you think you are busy; you fuss around with a lot of little things which don't amount to anything, and you let the big things go. This does not apply only to the man in the smaller towns and small cities, it hits many of the men in the large cities.

Remember this, Mr. Merchant, a man does not happen to be successful. If you have been in business twenty to forty years and been a little merchant all this time, it is either because you have not sense enough to be anything else, or you have been foolish not to use your opportunity. Marshall Field and John Wamsmaker and these others do not happen to be successful

merchants. They wrought out their success because they were willing to pay the price, and if you merchants are not willing to pay the price and do the things according to these fixed principles, you might just as well get a job on the section before the jobs are all taken.

While we have said much, we have not yet touched the principal things in the retail business, yes, I am not quite sure but what it is the whole thing. Do you know, Mr. Merchant, the retail business does not consist of goods and stores and fixtures? Do you know the retail business is inside of the suit of clothes you have on? Do you know, it is you, Mr. Man? It is a question of man; it is a question of personality and character, stamina and will power. You have seen the young man start in business on the side street without location, without capital, without trade. Around the corner is the man who has been in business years; he has the capital, he has the location, he has the trade, but in five years' time these two men have changed positions. What did it? Goods? No, a thousand times no. Possibly they carried the same lines. It was a question of men, it was a question of the man behind the counter.

Do you know, Mr. Merchant, today as never before, it is time for you and I to understand that human kindness is moving the world. Never have we seen a period when human kindness made the friends and moved people as it does today. If you will help people, if you will help them to live better and do better, don't you know they will come to you and bow at your feet and bring their business with them. Who do we take off our hat to today? It is the man and woman who give their lives, and strength to help people. To-day in the trade paper field, or whatever field you wish, the one you look up to and reverence, is the individual who is willing to undergo hardships, who is willing to lay down their very strength for you. It

is to these people to whom you go with your money, and with your business.

Do you know, Mr. Merchant, you are just like your little dog at home. The dog you play with, you fondle until he parades of your characteristics and he becomes more and more like you. You call your neighbor's dog a dirty old cur, but your dog you take up in your arms, all because your neighbor's dog is like your neighbor and your dog is like you. Show me the home where, when the man of the house comes home in the evening, the dog sticks his tail between his legs and hikes around the corner of the house, and I will show you a home where the wife and children think just about as much of the man of the house as the dog does.

It is a mistake to make money our ideal. Any man who labors for dollars alone misses the best things in life. He misses the finer things which tune us to the enjoyments which come from every phase of the beautiful.

I like that quotation from the story written by Jack London, called the "Call of the Wild." As the story goes, if I remember rightly, a little dog had fallen into the hands of a kind master in California. He had

been treated so gently and so kindly that he had begun to think the kind master was all in all to him, but one day, doggy was sold to another master and taken into the icy fields of Alaska and was hitched with a long string of dogs, and dragged burdens back and forth on the icy fields. Doggy could not understand why this change had come into his life. He saw the wolves as they frisked about on the highlands, and one day he could not restrain himself longer, but he ran away to live with the wolves. Not being able to live their way, he became poorer and poorer, and one day as they were traveling along over mountain, he could go no further, and dropped down along the path almost dead, almost gone. A kind man came along and gave doggy a drink from his canteen, and took him back to camp, where doggy came back again. But, no, no, brother man, he came back as a dog, not as a wolf, because human kindness had touched him. Let me beg of you as business men to take the spirit of Jack London's little dog story into your business lives. It will soften many of the old lines of your life; it will make the world look different to you. It will make a different man of you.

Salesmen Appreciate Advertised Goods

By

S. S. McClure

WHEN a manufacturer finds that all his other methods of selling goods do not reach enough people enough times, he adds to his other sales methods magazine advertising.

I have seen this illustrated by the old story of the Spartan youth about to go to war. He complained to his mother that his sword was too short.

"Then," said the mother, "add a step to your sword."

The manufacturer who adds magazine advertising to his other methods of getting business is adding a step to his sword.

The greatest capital that any manufacturing house can have, outside of goods of quality and honest methods, is that reputation which comes from

persistent, consistent and insistent advertising—that capital which consists in the knowledge on the part of nearly every inhabitant of the country that the advertiser's name and trademark wherever found, stand for reliable goods.

The greatest harm that can happen to a house that advertises is to have its sales force out of sympathy with its advertising. This is not so true as it once was, because all good salesmen are becoming more and more familiar with the power of advertising and more willing to be helped by it. Formerly some salesmen were shortsighted enough to consider advertising as a sort of competitor. They felt that it was their duty to knock this competitor every time they had a chance, so that all the credit for sales would be given to their own energies and none whatever to the advertising. Sometimes the influence of the salesman persuaded the manufacturer to give up altogether the idea of advertising. This was once true, but it is no longer.

Salesmen to-day appreciate that advertising is a mighty force to help them; that it makes the name of the goods they sell not only known to the public, but also known to the buyers in the stores; that the process of taking an order for goods is shortened and made more satisfactory by this distribution of knowledge about the goods.

Magazine advertising standardizes the goods. The salesman who knows this and appreciates it is always enthusiastic when his house undertakes magazine advertising. He then knows that there is behind him another influence; that in addition to the good quality of the goods, the sound business methods of his house, there is also the mighty force of advertising working constantly on the people, causing them to demand his goods in the stores so strongly that he finds all dealers more receptive and their orders larger. He finds that the advertising does not detract from his credit, but adds to it, because the right sort

of magazine advertising makes the traveling salesman more valuable to his house than before.

Progressive salesmen are now studying advertising on their own account. They not only consider it their duty to be familiar with the advertising of their house in the magazines, but they go so far as to take an interest in the dealer's own advertising. They call attention to the house advertising in the magazines; they sympathize with the dealer in his desire to advertise; they make suggestions for advertisements in which, of course, the goods of their own house appear. Many of them carry samples of ready-made ads, which their house is willing to supply to any dealer to use in his own local newspaper. They talk to the dealer about window displays, securing as many as possible for their own house, and incidentally helping the dealer by advising him to make good window displays, so as to bring purchasers into the store.

The new kind of traveling salesman is a distributor, not only of goods, but also of advertising ideas. He is the great connecting link between the magazine advertising his house does, and the trade that distributes his goods.

Probably many who read this do not yet realize what a mighty force advertising has been in the civilization of this country. It has introduced new goods and increased the sale of old ones; it has made trade marks valuable assets capitalised up into millions of dollars; it has taught people to use many new devices, such as sanitary plumbing, kitchen cabinets, new kinds of underwear, cereal and other foods. Advertising has brought about the sealed package in which goods might be contaminated go intact from manufacturer to consumer. Advertising has made it possible for the manufacturer to greatly increase his output without increasing his overhead cost, and, therefore, to produce his goods at a lower cost for manufacture and distribution than heretofore. Advertising has increased the

number of salesmen employed. In short, it is the life-blood of business, constantly widening and enlarging channels through which all kinds of goods are sold.

No modern, progressive salesman can afford to be arrayed against advertising, and in national advertising the great factor is the magazine. The magazine is the national distributor. The newspaper is the local distributor. Newspaper advertising is good. Nothing can be better. A few manufacturers can afford to cover the whole United States by using newspapers, but nearly every manufacturer needs to cover the whole United States because his market is a wide one. Therefore, the magazine is a valuable adjunct.

I have known of traveling salesmen who have taken special courses in schools of advertising, merely for the purpose of helping them sell more goods. I have known salesmen who

have become successful writers of advertising because they had that actual vital, necessary experience of selling goods by word of mouth. I have known salesmen who greatly increased their importance and value to their house, and incidentally their income, by an intelligent study of advertising as applied to the goods they sold, by which they were able to advise the local dealers how to resell the goods to the consumer.

Turn over the pages of any standard magazine and note the goods advertised. You will speedily recognize from your own experience, especially in goods with which you are familiar, the greatly increased sale that has been brought about by intelligent advertising. You will realize that magazine advertising is your friend, a force that helps you, and that every salesman should use his influence with the house for which he works to undertake advertising or increase the volume now being employed.

Focussing on the Day's Work

By Walter Dill Scott

From *System Magazine*

TO keep light from going off in useless directions we use reflectors; to keep human energy from being expended in useless directions we must remove distractions. To focus the light at any point we use lenses; to focus our minds at any point we use concentration.

Concentration is a state secured by the mental activity called attention. To understand concentration we must first consider the more fundamental facts of attention.

In the evolution of the human race certain things have been so important for the individual and the race that re-

sponses toward them have become instruction. They appeal to every individual and attract his attention without fail. Thus moving objects, loud sounds, sudden contrasts and the like were ordinarily portents of evil to primitive man and his attention was drawn to them irresistibly. Even for us to pay attention to such objects requires no intention and no effort. Hence it is spoken of as *passive* involuntary attention.

The attention of animals and of children is practically confined to this passive form while adults are by no means free from it. For instance, ideas

and things to which I have no intention of turning my mind attract me. Ripe fruit, gesticulating men, beautiful women, approaching holidays, and scores of other things simply pop up in my mind and enslave my attention. My mind may be so concentrated upon these things that I become oblivious to pressing responsibilities. In some instances the concentration may be but momentary, in others there may be result a day dream, a building of air castles, which lasts for a long time and recurs with distressing frequency.

Such attention is action in the line of least resistance. Though it may suffice for the acts of animals and children it is sadly deficient in our complex business life.

Even here, however, it is easy a relapse to the lower plane of activity and to respond to the appeal of the crier in the street, the inconvenience of the heat, the news of the ball game, or a pleasing reverie or even to fall into a state of mental apathy. The warfare against these distractions is never wholly won. Finishing these allurement results in the concentration so essential for successfully handling business problems. The strain is not so much in solving the problems as in retaining the concentration of the mind.

When an effort of will enables us to overcome these distractions and apply our minds to the subject in hand, the strain soon repeats itself. It frequently happens that this struggle is continuous—particularly when the distractions are unusual or our physical condition is below the normal. No effort of the will is able to hold our minds down to work for any length of time unless the task develops interesting in itself.

This attention with effort is known as *voluntary attention*. It is the most exhausting act which any individual can perform. Strength of will consists in the power to resist distractions and to hold the mind down to even the most uninteresting occupations.

Fortunately for human achievements, acts which in the beginning require voluntary effort may later result without effort.

The school boy must struggle to keep his mind on such uninteresting things as the alphabet. Later he may become a literary man and find nothing attracts his attention so quickly as printed symbols. In commercial arithmetic the boy labors to fix his attention on dollar signs, and problems involving profit and loss. Launched in business, however, these things may attract him more than a foot ball game.

It is the outcome of previous application that we now attend without effort to many things in our civilization which differ from those of more primitive life. Such attention without effort is known as *secondary passive attention*. Examples are furnished by the geologist's attention to the strata of the earth, the historian's to original manuscripts, the manufacturer's to by-products, the merchant's to distant customers, and the attention which we all give to printed symbols, and scores of other things unnoticed by our distant ancestors. Here our attention is similar to passive attention, though the latter was the result of inheritance while our secondary passive attention results from our individual efforts and is the product of our training.

Through passive attention my concentration upon a "castle in Spain" may be perfect until destroyed by a fly on my nose. Voluntary attention may make my concentration upon the duty at hand entirely satisfactory till dissipated by some one entering my office. Secondary passive attention fixes my mind upon the adding of a column of figures and it may be distracted by a commotion in my vicinity. Thus concentration produced by any form of attention is easily destroyed by a legion of possible disturbances. If I desire to increase my concentration to the maximum, I must remove every possible cause of distraction.

Organized society has recognized the hindering effect of some distractions

and has made halting attempts to abolish them.

Thus locomotives are prohibited from sounding whistles within city limits but power plants are permitted by noise and smoke to annoy every citizen in the vicinity. Street cars are forbidden to use flat wheels but are still allowed to run on the surface or on a resounding structure and thus become a public nuisance. Steam callioles, newsboys, street vendors and other unnecessary sources of noise are still tolerated.

In the design and construction of office buildings, stores and factories in noisy neighborhoods, too little consideration is given to existing means of excluding or deadening outside sounds, though the newer office buildings are examples of initiative in this direction: not only are they of sound-proof construction; in many instances they have replaced the noisy pavements of the streets with blocks which reduce the clatter to a minimum. In both improvements they have been emulated by some of the great retail stores which have shut out external noises and reduced those within to a point where they no longer distract the attention of clerks or customers from the business of selling and buying. In many, however, clerks are still forced to call aloud for cash girls or department managers and the handling of customers at elevators is attended by wholly unnecessary shouting and clash of equipment.

Of all distractions, sound is certainly the most common and the most insistent in its appeal.

The individual efforts towards reducing it quoted above were stimulated by the hope of immediate and tangible profit—sound-proof offices commanding higher rents and quiet stores attracting more customers. In not a few cases, manufacturers have gone deeper, however, recognizing that anything which claims the attention of an employee from his work reduces his efficiency and cuts profits even though he be a piece worker. In part this explains the migration of many indus-

tries to the smaller towns and the development of a new type of city factory with sound-proof walls and floors, windows sealed against noise and a system of mechanical ventilation.

The individual manufacturer or merchant, therefore, need not wait for a general crusade to abate the noise, the smoke and the other distractions which reduce his employee's effectiveness. In no small measure he can shut out external noises and eliminate many of those within. Loud dictation, conversations, clicking typewriters, loud-ringing telephones can all be cut to a key which makes them virtually indistinguishable in an office of any size. More and more the big open office as an absorbent of sound seems to be gaining in favor. In one of the newest and largest of these I know, nearly all the typewriting machines are segregated in a glass-walled room and long distance telephone messages can be taken at any instrument in the great office.

Like sound in its imperative appeal for attention is the consciousness of strangers passing one's desk or windows.

Movement of fellow employees about the department, unless excessive or unusual, is hardly noticed; let an individual or a group with whom we are not acquainted come within the field of our vision and they claim attention immediately. For this reason shops or factories whose windows command a busy street find it profitable to use opaque glass to shut out the shifting scene.

This scheme of retreat and protection has been carried well-nigh to perfection by many individuals. Private offices guarded by secretaries fortify them against distractions and unauthorized claims on their attention both from within and without their organizations. Routine problems, in administration, production, distribution are never referred to them; these are settled by department heads and only new or vital questions are submitted to the executive. In many large companies, besides the depart-

ment heads and secretaries who assume this load of routine, there are assistants to the president and the general manager who further reduce the demands upon their chiefs. The value of time, the effect of interruptions and distractions upon their own efficiency, are understood by countless executives who neglect to guard their employees against similar distractions. Individual business men, unsupported by organizations, have worked out individual methods of self-protection.

One man postpones consideration of questions of policy, selling conditions and so on until the business of the day has been finished and interruptions from customers or employees are improbable. Another, with his stenographer, reaches his office half an hour earlier than his organization, and, picking out the day's big task, has it well towards accomplishment before the usual distractions begin. The foremost electrical and mechanical engineer in the country solves his most difficult and abstruse problems at home, at night. His organization provides a perfect defence against interruptions: but only in the silence, the isolation of his home at night does he find the complete absence of distraction permitting the absolute concentration which produces great results.

If I am anxious or need to develop the power of concentration upon what people say either in conversation or in public discourse, I may be helped by persistently and continuously forcing myself to attend. The habit of concentration may to a degree be thus acquired; pursuing it, I should never allow myself to listen indifferently, but I must force myself to strict attention.

Such practice would result ultimately in a habit of concentration upon what I hear, but would not necessarily increase my power of concentration upon writing, adding or other activities. Specific training in each is essential and even then the results will be far short of what might be desired. Persistent effort in any direction is not without result, however, and any increase in concentration is so valuable

that it is worth the effort it costs. If a man lacks power of concentration in any particular direction he should force concentration in that line and continue till a habit results.

Our control over our muscles and movements far exceeds our direct control over our attention. An attitude of concentration is possible, even when the desired mental process is not present. Thus by fixing my eyes on a page and keeping them adjusted for reading even when my mind is on a subject far removed, I can help my will to secure concentration. I can likewise restrain myself from picking up a newspaper or from chatting with a friend when it is the time for concentrated action on my work. By continuously resisting movements which tend to distract and by holding myself in the position of attention, the strain upon my will in forcing concentration becomes less.

Concentration is practically impossible when the brain is fatigued or the bodily condition is far below the normal in any respect.

The connection between the body and the mind is most intimate and the perfect working of the body is necessary to the highest efficiency of the mind. The power of concentration is accordingly affected by surroundings in the hours of labor, by sleep and recreation, by the quality and quantity of food, and by every condition which affects the bodily processes favorably.

Recognition of this truth is behind the very general movement both here and abroad to provide the best possible conditions both in the factories and the home environment of workers. Concentration of physical forces, employers are coming more and more to understand, means maximum output—the corollary of profits. The foundation, of course, is a clean, spacious, well-lighted and perfectly ventilated factory in a situation which affords pure air and accessibility to the homes of employees. In England and Germany the advance towards this ideal has taken form in the "garden cities" of which the plant is the nucleus and

the support. In America there is no lack of industrial towns planned and built as carefully as the works to which they are tributary.

Some have added various "welfare" features, ranging from hot luncheons served at cost, free baths and medical attendance to night schools for employees to teach them how to live and work to better advantage. The profit comes back in the increased efficiency of the employees.

Even though the health be perfect and the attitude of attention be sustained the will is unable to retain concentration by an effort for more than a few seconds at a time.

When the mind is concentrated upon an object, this object must develop and prove interesting otherwise there will be required every few seconds the same tug of the will. This concentration by voluntary attention is essential, but cannot be permanent. To secure enduring concentration we may have to "pull ourselves together" occasionally, but the necessity for such efforts should be reduced. This is accomplished by developing interest in the task before us, through application of the fundamental motives such as self-preservation, imitation, competition, loyalty, and the love of the game.

If the task before me is essential for my self-preservation, I will find my mind riveted upon it. If I hope to secure more from speculation than from the completion of my present tasks, then my self-preservation is not dependent upon my work and my mind will irresistibly be drawn to the stock market and the race track. If I want my work to be interesting and to compel my undivided attention, I should then try and make my work appeal to me as of more importance than anything else in the world. I must be dependent upon it for my income; I must see that others are working and so imitate their action; I must compete with others in the accomplishment of the task; I must regard the work as a service to the house; and I must in every possible way try to "get into the game."

This conversion of a difficult task into an interesting activity is the most fruitful method of securing concentration.

Efforts of will can never be dispensed with but the necessity for such efforts should be reduced to the minimum. The assumption of the attitude of attention should gradually become habitual during the hours of work and so take care of itself.

The methods which a business man must use to cultivate concentration in himself are also applicable to his employees. The manner of applying the methods is of course different. The employer may see to it that as far as possible all distractions are removed. He cannot directly cause his men to put forth voluntary effort but he can see to it that they retain the attitude of concentration. This may require the prohibition of acts which are distracting but which would otherwise seem indifferent. The employer has a duty in regard to the health of his men. Certain employers have assumed to regulate the lives of their men even after the day's work is over. Bad habits have been prohibited; sanitary conditions of living have been provided; hours of labor have been reduced; vacations have been granted; and sanitary conditions in shop and factory have been provided for.

Employers are finding it to their interest to make concentration easy for their men by rendering their work interesting.

This they have done by making the work seem worth while. The men are given living wages, the hope of promotion is not too long deferred, attractive and efficient models for imitation are provided, friendly competition is encouraged, loyalty to the house is engendered, and love of the work incalculated. In addition, everything which hinders the development of interest in the work has been resisted.

How will a salesman, for instance, develop interest in his work if he makes more from his "side lines" than from the service he renders to the house which pays his expenses? How

can the laborer be interested in his work if he believes that by gambling he can make more in an hour than he could by a month's steady work? The successful shoemaker sticks to his last, the successful professional man keeps out of business, and the wise business man resists the temptation to speculate. Occasionally a man may be capable of carrying on diverse lines of business for himself, but the man is certainly a very great exception who can hold his attention to the interests of his employer when he expects to receive greater rewards from other sources.

The power of concentration depends in part upon inheritance and in part upon training.

Some individuals, like an Edison or a Roosevelt, seem to be constructed after the manner of a search light. All their energy may be turned in one direction and all the rest of the world disregarded. Others are what we call scatter brained. They are unable to attend completely to any one thing. They respond constantly to stimulation in the environment and to ideas which seem to "pop up" in their minds.

Some people can read a book or paper with perfect satisfaction even though companions around them are talking and laughing. For others such attempts are farcical.

Many great men are reported to have had marvelous powers of concentration. When engaged in their work they became so absorbed in it that distracting thoughts had no access to their minds and even hunger, sleep, and salutations of friends have frequently been unable to divert the attention from the absorbing topic.

There are persons who cannot really work except in the midst of excitement.

When surrounded by numerous appeals to attention they get wakened up by resisting these attractions and find superfluous energy adequate to attend to the subject in hand. This is on the same principle which governs the effects of poisonous stimulants. Taken into the system, the whole

bodily activity is aroused in an attempt to expel the poison. Some of this abnormally awakened energy may be applied to uses other than those intended by nature. Hence some individuals are actually helped in their work at least temporarily by the use of stimulants. Most of the energy is, of course, required to expel the poison and hence the method of generating the energy is uneconomical.

The men who find that they can accomplish the most work and concentrate themselves upon it the most perfectly when in the midst of noise and confusion are paying a great price for the increase of energy, available for profitable work. To be inconstant on confusion for the necessary stimulation is abnormal and expensive. Rapid exhaustion and a shortened life result. It is a bad habit and nothing more.

Many persons seem able to disregard the common and necessary distractions of office, store or factory.

With such persons energy is necessary for overcoming the distractions. Other persons are so constituted that these distractions can never be overcome. Such persons can not hear a message through a telephone when others in the room are talking; they cannot dictate a letter if a third person is within hearing; they cannot add a column of figures when others are talking. Habit and effort may reduce such disability but in some instances it will never even approximately eliminate it. Such persons may be very efficient employees and their inability to concentrate in the presence of distractions should be respected. Every business man is careful to locate every piece of machinery where it will work best but equal care has not been given to locating men where they may work to the greatest advantage.

By inheritance the power of concentration differs greatly among intelligent persons. By training, those with defective power may improve but will never perfect the power to concentrate amidst distractions. To subject such persons to distractions is an unwise expenditure of energy.

The Buying and Selling of Stocks

By

G. W. Brock

IN our last article a general idea of what stocks are and how their values fluctuate on the stock market was given. It was intended to be introductory to a more specific article on the way to buy and sell stocks. This point has now been reached. We assume that the reader has funds available in the savings bank and has come to the conclusion that he would like to invest them in stocks, believing that his return from such investment or speculation, as the case may be, would be greater than if he were to leave his money in the bank.

As has already been pointed out, it is most advisable that the prospective purchaser of stocks should secure dependable advice and should patronize a brokerage firm of repute. As the brokerage rate is a fixed one, it is really just as cheap for him to deal through one firm as another and, such being the case, he can place his orders with the strongest brokers on the street.

Having decided on the security he wishes to buy and estimated how many shares he can purchase, he proceeds to write out his order on a small slip provided by the broker for the purpose. If the stock is an inactive one, so that there is no certainty that shares can be purchased at the last quoted price or, if the stock is moving up and down rapidly, it becomes advisable to place a "limit" on the purchase price. That is to say, supposing the purchaser wishes to buy ten shares of a stock, the last transaction on which was at 121.

It may not be possible for the broker to secure the ten shares at this figure. He may find it impossible to get them at less than 125. But the purchaser does not want to pay 125 for them, so he puts the "limit" at 124. With this limitation, the broker is empowered to buy the ten shares at the lowest price possible under 124. It may take some days before this is possible but, unless the buyer wishes to raise his limit, he must wait until the market reacts.

If no limit is placed on the order, it is said to be an "open" order, or the stock is to be purchased "at the market," meaning at the current market price.

When the stock is purchased, the broker mails to his client a statement showing the cost of the stock and the brokerage due thereon. On the Canadian exchanges this is 25 cents a share. He is then supposed to give the broker a cheque for the total as promptly as possible and to secure from him a stock certificate, made out by the officers of the company or corporation whose stock he has purchased. The transaction is then complete and, if the purchaser is wise, he will lock the certificate away in a safety deposit vault.

He is now a shareholder of the company and is entitled to attend all meetings of shareholders. Such meetings are usually confined to the annual meetings, at which statements are presented and officers elected. If the company is a dividend payer, he will

also receive on the regular dates of payment, cheques for the amount due him. If the stock is on a six per cent. basis and pays its dividend quarterly (the customary period for most stocks) he will receive \$1.50 four times a year for each share of stock he holds.

The sale of stock is carried on along much the same lines. The seller goes to his broker and fills out a sale order slip. He may leave this "open," selling at the market price, he may place a definite price on the stock or he may state a "limit," below which he does not desire to sell. He is notified of the sale by the receipt of the broker's statement, showing the proceeds of the sale and indicating the brokerage, which, of course, is deducted. He then takes his stock certificate to the broker, and, having endorsed it in the form provided for the purpose on the back of the certificate, receives a cheque for the proceeds of the sale.

Marginal trading proceeds in much the same way, with the main exception that the broker holds the stock. The purchaser receives a statement of purchase from the broker, and then puts up his margin. He is furnished from time to time with statements, on which interest charges are totalled up. Dividends, when they come in, are credited to the buyer. A telegram or a letter is sent by the broker, whenever more margin is required, depending upon the urgency of the call.

There is another way of buying stocks which is looked upon with favor by many investors. This may be termed instalment buying and it applies mainly to new issues of stock. A word or two of explanation on this point may not come amiss, as there has been considerable misunderstanding on the point in the past.

When a company wishes to increase its capital, a favorite way of doing so is to issue new stock to its shareholders at par, allowing easy terms of payment. This course is pursued when the market price of the stock is higher than the price at which the new

stock is issued, so that it may be worth something to the shareholders. To take a concrete instance. Assume that a company with a capital of half a million, wishes to increase its stock to \$600,000, by issuing \$100,000 new stock at par. The market price is about \$125 a share. The thousand shares of new stock are assigned to the old shareholders and as there were originally five thousand shares, it follows that for every five shares a man holds, he will be entitled to subscribe to one share of new stock. If he happens to have five or ten, or twenty-five shares, he can take up one, two or five new shares. But, suppose he has an odd number of shares? It is here that the difficulty comes in.

The fact that this particular stock can be purchased on the open market at \$125 a share, means that there are people who are willing to pay \$125 for it. But the new stock can be bought for \$100 by the favored holders of old stock. The consequence is that a monetary value accrues to the "rights" of the shareholders. They will command a cash value on the market.

The amount of this cash value is based on the difference between the par value and the market value of the old stock, amounting to \$25. Now in order to secure a share of new stock, a man must either have in his possession five shares of the old stock or he must purchase the "rights" on five shares from some holder of five shares, who does not want to subscribe to the new stock. The "rights" on five shares are therefore equivalent in value to the difference between the market value of one share of the old stock and the par value of one share of the new stock. The "rights" on one share are thus approximately worth \$5. In actual practice they are worth somewhat less because the new stock does not possess the value of the old stock until it has been completely paid up and begins to pay dividends. This result is not attained for some months, as payments are nearly always made in

50 per cent. instalments at intervals of two or three months.

There is always considerable dealing in rights, during the time new stock is being issued and anyone who wishes to secure sufficient rights to make up one, two or more shares can do so. If a holder of stock has rights on eleven shares, he will probably subscribe to two shares of new stock and sell the eleventh right. Or he may sell all his rights. In this way there is plenty of opportunity to pick up what one requires.

Purchases are made in precisely the same way as in the case of stock and when all the necessary rights are purchased, these are exchanged for interim certificates at the offices of the company issuing the new stock. Pay-

ments on these certificates must then be made as stipulated on their face. When all are completed, the regular stock certificates are issued.

By reason of the issues of new stock by certain companies from time to time, it is possible for a holder to amass quite a number of shares, for which he will have paid on an average very much less than the market price. Those who were so fortunate as to buy C.P.R. stock years ago when it was below par and who have taken up the new issues as they have been allotted, will find that their holdings have been greatly increased and that the average price paid has been little, if anything, above par, while to-day the stock sells within a few points of 200.

Harmony as a Business Producer

FORTUNATELY the old-time employer, who used to go through his place of business every day with a whip, so to speak, stirring everybody up, driving everybody, scolding and swearing, is rapidly disappearing. Men are finding that there is something better than the slave-driving methods. They are finding that harmony is a great business producer, that kindness, appealing to the best instead of the worst in employees, produces the highest results.

Up-to-date business men find that the more comfortable and the happier they can make their employees, the more work they will accomplish, and the better its quality. Everybody does his best when appreciated.

Mr. Grumpy Employer, how can

you expect your employees to apply the Golden Rule to you, when you do not use it yourself? When you get your employees all stirred up and out of sorts by constant scolding, fault-finding, and nagging, by your failure to stand up to your contracts with them, how can you expect them in return to have your interests at heart, to live up to your expectations, to do good work? When you go off to pieces over something that troubles you, you can not write a good letter. Your mind is in no condition to make a important contract until you restore harmony. Can you, then, expect your employees to believe in you—to give you their best, when you show them the worst side of your nature?—*Success Magazine.*

Humor in the Magazines

AT a meeting of the England Passenger Association, held recently at the Isleyway Club, Montreal, a noted American judge was present as a guest of the association. One of the hosts chanced to ask him if he had ever tried Canadian whiskey. "No," was his reply, "but I have tried lots of people who have."

"He won't stand without hitchin'," is the opinion J. J. Hill, railroader, has of a well-known Canadian financier who worsted him in an important deal.

After spending an evening with convivial friends, the head of the family entered the house as quietly as he could, turned up the reading-light in the library, and settled himself as if perusing a massive, leather-bound volume. Presently his wife entered the room, as he knew she would, and asked what he was doing.

"Oh," he replied, "I didn't feel like turning in when I first came home, and I've been reading some favorite passages from this sterling old work."

"Well," said his wife, "it's getting late now. Shut up the valise and come to bed."—Everybody's.

A Canadian lawyer tells this story: A bailiff went out to levy on the contents of a house. The inventory began in the attic and ended in the cellar. When the dining-room was reached, the tally of furniture ran thus:

"One dining-room table, oak,
"One set chairs, (6), oak,
"One sideboard, oak,
"Two bottles whiskey, full,"
Then the word "full" was stricken out and replaced by "empty," and the

inventory went on in a hand that straggled and lunched diagonally across the page until it closed with: "One revolving doormat."—Everybody's.

A young lady who taught a class of small boys in the Sunday school desired to impress on them the meaning of returning thanks before a meal. Turning to one of the class, whose father was a deacon in the church, she asked him:

"William, what is the first thing your father says when he sits down to the table?"

"He says, 'Go slow with the butter, kids; it's forty cents a pound,'" replied the youngster.—Everybody's.

The waiter who bawls out his order to the cook in the kitchen may soon be as extinct as the dodo; but his cries should live forever.

"Mutton broth in a hurry," says a customer. "Baa-baa in the rain! Make him run!" shouts the waiter.

"Beefsteak and onions," says a customer. "John Bull! Make him a giddy!" shouts the waiter.

"Where's my baked potato?" asks a customer. "Mrs. Murphy in a seal-skin coat!" shouts the waiter.

"Two fried eggs. Don't fry 'em too hard," says a customer. "Adam and Eve in the Garden! Leave their eyes open!" shouts the waiter.

"Poached eggs on toast," says a customer. "Bride and groom on a raft in the middle of the ocean!" shouts the waiter.

"Chicken croquettes," says a customer. "Fowl ball!" shouts the waiter.

"Hash," says a customer. "Gentleman wants to take a chance!" shouts

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the waiter. "I'll have hash, too," says the next customer. "Another sport!" shouts the waiter.

"Glass of milk," says a customer. "Let it rain!" shouts the waiter.

"Frankfurters and sauerkraut, good and hot," says a customer. "Fido, Sheep and a bale of hay!" shouts the waiter; "and let 'em sizzle!"—*New York Evening Sun*.

* * *

He had run up a small bill at the village store, and went to pay it, first asking for a receipt.

The proprietor grumbled and complained it was too small to give a receipt for. It would do just as well, he said, to cross the account off, and so drew a diagonal pencil line across the book.

"Does that settle it?" asked the customer.

"Sure."

"An' ye'll niver be askin' for it agin'?"

"Certainly not."

"Faith, then," said the other coolly, "an' I'll kape me money in me pocket."

"But I can rub that out," said the storekeeper.

"I thought so," said the customer dryly. "Maybe ye'll be givin' me a receipt now. Here's yer money."—*Lippincott's*.

* * *

"We have the surprise beautifully planned," said young Mrs. Westerleigh to the guests, "and Frank does not suspect a thing. I think he has even forgotten that to-day's his birthday. He will get home from the office at about seven o'clock. Then he always goes upstairs to take off his coat and put on his smoking-jacket for the evening. When he is upstairs I will call out suddenly, 'Oh, Frank, come down quick! The gas is escaping!' Then he will rush down here, unsuspecting, to find the crowd of friends waiting for him."

It went off exactly as planned. Westerleigh came home at the regular hour and went directly upstairs. The guests held their breath while Mrs.

Westerleigh called out excitedly, "Oh, Frank, come down quick! The gas is escaping in the parlor."

Every light had been turned out, and the parlor was in perfect darkness. There was a rapid rush of feet down the stairway, then a voice said, "I don't smell any gas."

"Better light the jet," Mrs. Westerleigh suggested tremulously. "Here's a match."

There was a spatter, and suddenly the room was flooded with light. Everybody screamed. The hostess fainted.

For there in the centre of the room stood Westerleigh, attired only in a natty union suit, with a fresh pair of trousers carried over his arm.

Birthday parties still form a forbidden subject of conversation at the Westerleighs'.—*Lippincott's*.

* * *

A young gentleman of the colored persuasion had promised his girl a pair of long white gloves for a Christmas gift. Entering a large department store, he at last found the counter where these goods were displayed, and, approaching rather hesitatingly, remarked, "Ah want a pair ob gloves."

"How long do you want them?" inquired the business-like clerk.

"Ah doesn't want fo' to rent 'em; ah wants fo' to buy 'em," replied the other, indignantly.—*Harper's Magazine*.

* * *

A San Francisco woman whose husband had been dead some years went to a medium, who produced the spirit of her dead husband.

"My dear John," said the widow to the spirit, "are you happy now?"

"I am very happy," John replied.

"Happier than you were on earth with me?" she asked.

"Yes," was the answer; "I am far happier now than I was on earth with you."

"Tell me, John, what is it like in heaven?"

"Heaven?" said John. "I'm not in heaven."—*Lippincott's*.

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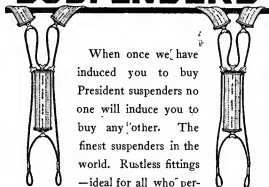
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